New Statesman

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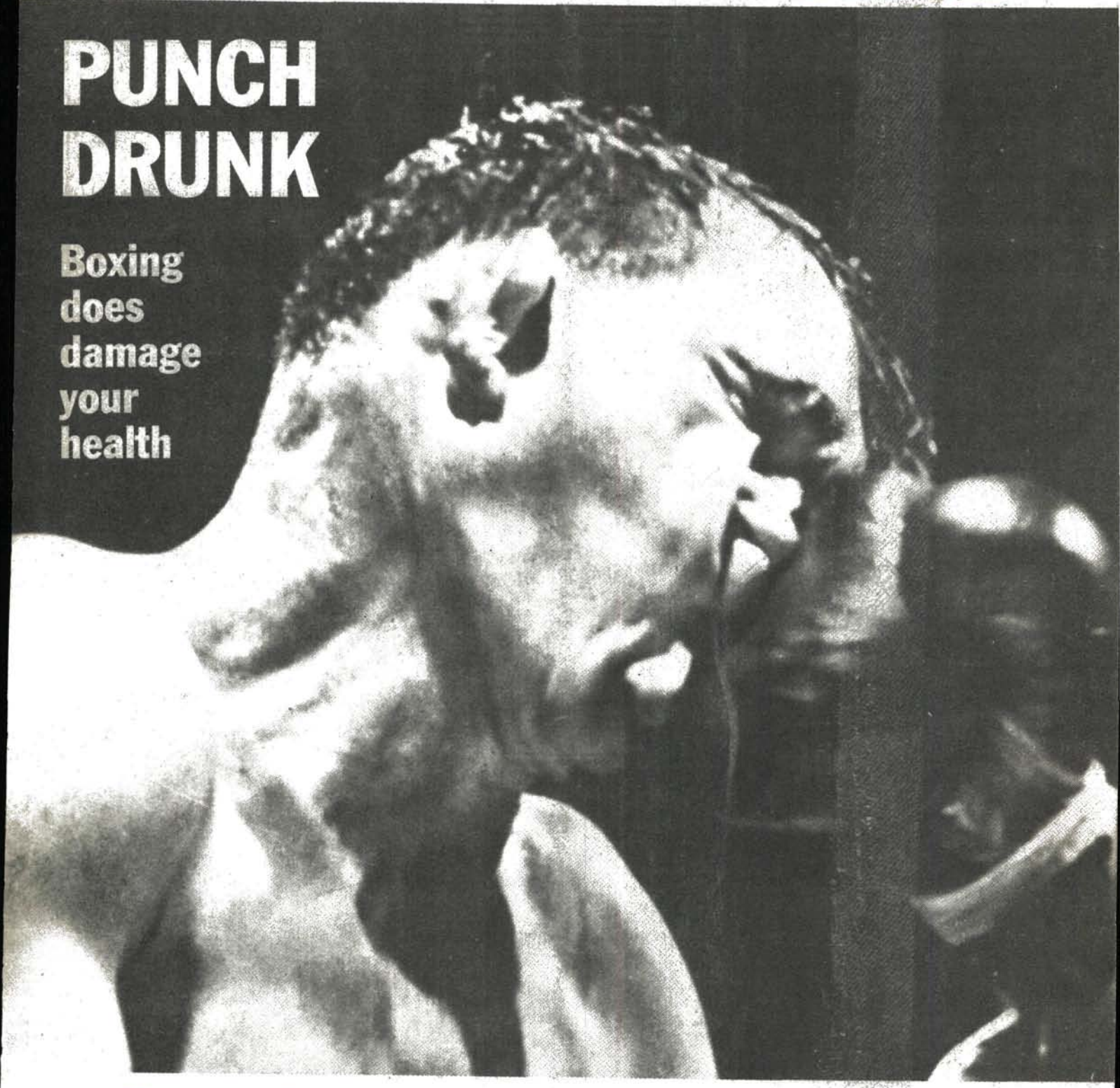
PUNCH DRUNK

Boxing does damage your health



Duncan Campbell on the civil defence leaks

Paul Johnson's version of history

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New Statesman

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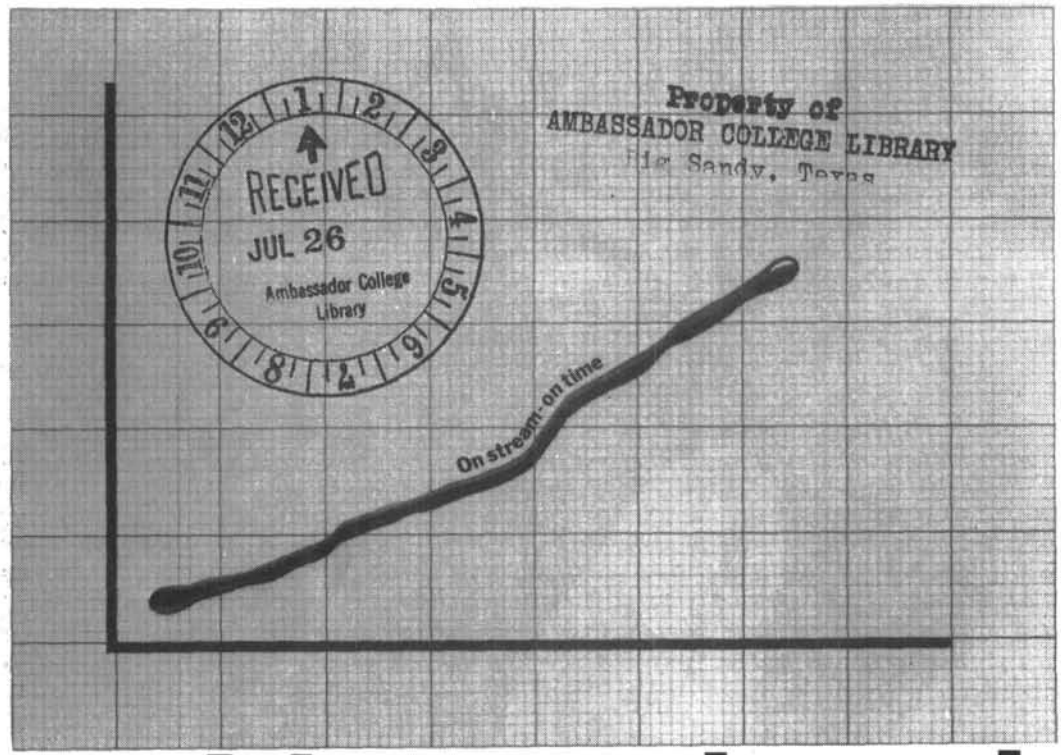

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New Statesman Vol 106 No 2730 15 July 1983

Get off the defensive

NORMAN TEBBIT has become one of the most effective 'populist' politicians in Britain today. His proposals for trade union reform, published on Tuesday, put the trade union leadership on a most uncomfortable spot. Their collectively discordant initial response is proof that they know it.

It is not just that he has caught the tide of unpopularity from which the trade union movement as a whole is suffering. Any Tory Minister in his position would know that 'union bashing' legislation of some kind would still be popular with the electorate as a whole. His skill as a populist lies in the fact that the particular proposals will seem on the face of them moderate to the uncommitted and even attractive to many union members. The way in which he has managed to package his proposals under the slogans of 'making the unions more democratic' and 'giving the unions back to their members' is a highly skilled piece of politics. He has been helped to get away with this by the clumsy and unjustified way in which a small number of trade union leaders have seemed in public to be playing with the power of the block votes both over Labour leadership candidates and policy issues since last month's election defeat.

The detail of these Tebbit proposals, as well as their general thrust, also put the trade union leadership on a spot. It is difficult to put up a convincing objection to the idea that members of union executives should be regularly elected, when that has been the position of the Left in the trade union movement itself for years. It is difficult for a Basnett or a Scargill to claim that the idea of strike ballots is inherently unacceptable, when their own unions' rule books already contain strike ballot provisions that go further than anything that the government is proposing. And it is difficult to say that it is improper to raise the possibility of unions not having political funds when a union like NALGO consulted its members by ballot in April last year and decided against having one.

In short, then, the Tebbit attack on the unions has created a major crisis for the movement as a whole. It is the crisis of where it is going over the next decade and more. Its response to the proposals is critical in terms of projecting trade unionism in this country, both to the general public and to rank and file trade union members. But that response also has to be set in the context of high and still rising unemployment, which the government has successfully used to put trade unions on the defensive. It has also to be set in the context of the fact that the trade union movement will *at least* for the next five years have to deal with a Tory government that is not interested in having it as a welcome social partner in forming economic and industrial policy.

GIVEN THIS REALITY it will not be enough for trade unions to continue to mouth the rhetoric of defiance, as if nothing political had changed in this country between 1979 and June 1983. Nor will it be enough to adopt the defensive position – however justified in logic and morality – that the government has no right to interfere in this way in the internal affairs of institutions, which are already much more democratic and responsive to their members than most. A battle must certainly be joined, but it must primarily be a battle of argument and persuasion. The Tebbit principles must be taken seriously, even embraced where they make sense – and resisted where they do not.

Take, for example, the election of union national executive members. There can be no objection to the principle. It is already universal practice. The only question of importance is the method of election. Mr Tebbit is demanding that each member should have a vote directly for executive members. But that patently is not the only model by which a trade union can make itself genuinely responsive in a democratic manner to its members. In some instances in large unions it has exactly the opposite effect. Members are asked to vote for remote candidates of whom they have only the sketchiest knowledge. The result in many cases is a low voting turn out. Nor is there any evidence, as one suspects that Mr Tebbit hopes, that this kind of 'one member one vote system' favours the Right particularly.

These arguments about the nature of democracy in our society need to be advanced confidently in a wider context. For the truth is that trade unions are one of the few institutions in the country which systematically *do* consult their memberships. The same is not true in the work place. There has been no advance at all in law to make ownership and managements in commerce and industry responsive to the interests of those employed. The unfortunate Bullock committee on industrial democracy set back progress in this direction for a decade. The trade union movement should now be in the van of a movement for extending genuine democracy in the workplace. It is an area where the tables could so obviously be turned on this government – putting it instead on the defensive.

The same kind of positive counter-attack is required on the other bits of Tebbitry. He himself seems to have accepted that it would be politically unacceptable seriously to interfere with unions' political funds. Reading between the lines, he has put the idea of any positive action in this area off at least until after the next general election. Meanwhile it should be stated loud and clear that it is already open to a union's members to object to a political fund. Mr Tebbit should be asked for any evidence that individual members are prevented from freely opting out if they wish. And any question of changing the status of political funds should be made part of a wider debate about the funding of political parties in general. On the strike ballot proposals, the right response must be to spell out the practical reasons against making them compulsory, which have persuaded all independent observers of the case since the report of the Donovan Commission.

But none of this will be possible if the trade union movement takes the advice of some of its prominent leaders and simply refuses to take part in the argument. It may be distasteful to have to take note of Mr Tebbit and his proposals. No long-term improvement in the strategic position of the union movement, though, is possible without doing so as a starting point.

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To those that have shall the BBC be given

LABOUR MPs are likely to appear twice as often as the Liberal/SDP MPs on BBC programmes during the next four to five years even though Labour won only 2 per cent more votes than the Alliance in last month's General Election. The BBC allocation has yet to be finalised – all a BBC spokeswoman would say this week was that 'these are early days' – but they understand that BBC executives intend to keep the formula for allocating airtime that they have applied in the past.

The BBC's new plans are likely to upset both the Alliance and Labour – for Labour MPs in turn will be at a greater disadvantage compared with the Conservatives than ever before. For every three appearances by Labour MPs, there will be five by Tories.

In the past the BBC has kept a tally of appearances by MPs. Although the tally has no legal force, and individual programme producers are given latitude to invite whom they think appropriate (say when one Party is making more news than the others) the BBC attempts to ensure that overall appearances by MPs conform to the tally.

In the last Parliament Conservative MPs were allocated 50 per cent of appearances, Labour MPs 40 per cent, Liberals 8 per cent and others 2 per cent. After the formation of the SDP the new party was allowed 4 per cent, with two each deducted from the Labour and Tory tallies.

The BBC's standard method for setting the tally is to judge each Party's performance at the General Election by taking an average of its share of seats and share of votes, then rounding to the nearest percentage. This time the Conservatives won 42.4 per cent of the votes but 61.1 per cent of the seats. This implies a Tory tally of 52 per cent. Similarly Labour won 27.6 per cent of the votes and 32.2 per cent of the seats; averaging these two figures gives Labour its tally of 30 per cent.

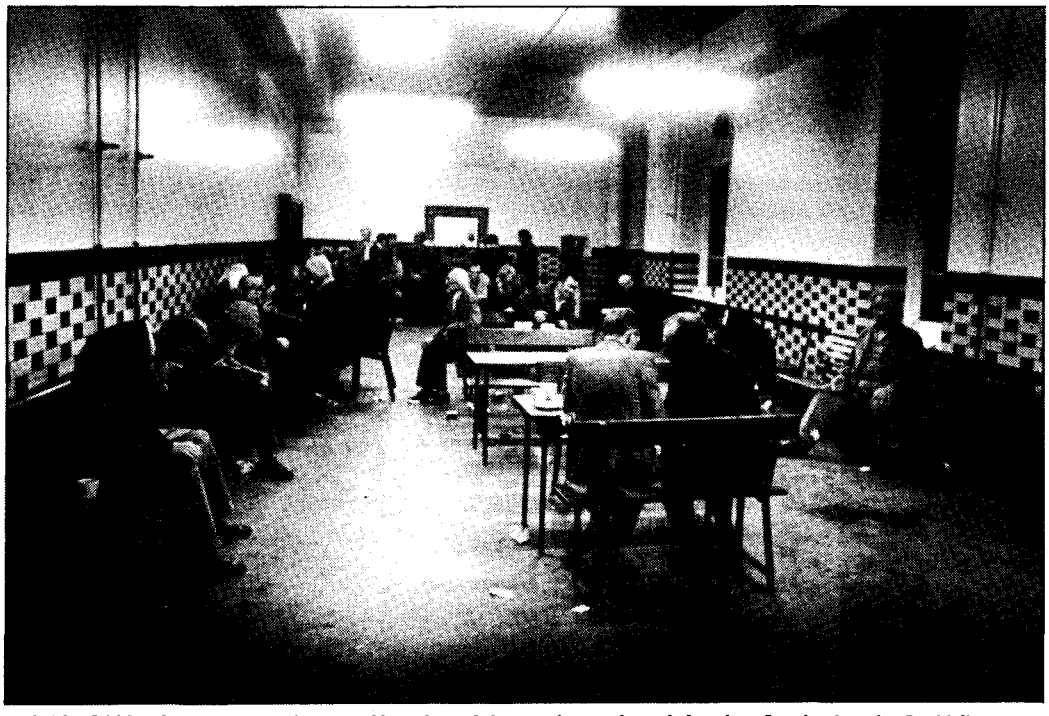
The Alliance won 25.4 per cent of the votes but only 3.5 per cent of the seats in the new Commons. The Alliance's failure to break through under Britain's electoral system means that its 'performance' as measured for BBC tally purposes entitles it to just 14 per cent of appearances - though shared among 23 MPs, each is still likely to be in demand by radio and TV.

Other parties (Ulster MPs and Scottish and Welsh Nationalists) will be entitled to 4 per cent of appearances on national BBC programmes, so their tally will be higher in regional programmes.

Headaches caused by the election results are not confined to the BBC. For almost two decades Anglia TV has broadcast a weekly regional programme, *Members Only*, on which Anglia MPs appear. The Anglia region now has 60 MPs – all but two of them Tory. The exceptions are Clement Freud (Liberal, North Cambridgeshire) and Ken Weetch (Labour, Ipswich).

Anglia is now in discussion with the Independent Broadcasting Authority on how to proceed. One possibility is that Labour MPs from London and the Midlands will be 'bussed' to Norwich to maintain political balance; another is that Anglia will be required to change its programme format to allow other local Labour activists – such as councillors and trade union officials – to appear. But then Anglia will have to drop its title *Members Only*.

Peter Kellner



Laurie Sparham/Network

VICTORIAN values governing the care of homeless adults are about to be ended at three London hostels. On 29 June at an Extraordinary General Meeting, the shareholders of Rowton Hotels voted to sell the three hostels to local authorities for a total of £2.93 million.

The hostels are in Tower Hamlets (see above), Camden and Vauxhall. The fate of a fourth hostel, in Birmingham, is undecided.

The shareholders' decision ends a nine-month strike by hostel workers and a 100-year-old tradition with its roots in Victorian philanthropy. However, the hostels have been run on commercial lines in recent years; a profit of £250,000 was made at Arlington, the Camden hostel where the workers have been on strike, in the year before the dispute. Despite modern profits, working- and living-conditions were abysmal, with workers earning £28 for a 48-hour week. They complained of poor food, having to sleep in cubicles 7' by 5', bed bugs and broken cisterns. Tension came to a head when a member of staff assaulted a resident in December 1981 and protests to management got nowhere. Staff joined the local T&GWU the next month.

The first gain from the strike and sale is expected to be improvements in pay and working conditions for the 150 workers at the three hostels. £4 million is also scheduled to be spent on improving the hostels for residents, including doubling the size of cubicles. Arlington House is to be managed by the housing association, United Kingdom Housing Trust, which has just been advertising for community, medical and support workers, hitherto unheard of jobs in such hostels. A joint management committee will, it is hoped, involve residents, workers and the Arlington Action Group, a local community group which has supported the strike and agitated for better conditions in the hostel.

Philip Pearson

Passing the Bucks

LONDON Transport's branch line to Chesham could go down the tubes if Tory Buckinghamshire County Council doesn't fork up £300,000 in the interest of its commuters.

The branch line to Chesham is on the outskirts of metroland in rural Bucks. It was built in 1889, but two of its Victorian bridges now need replacing, at a cost of £1.2 million. London Transport's engineers say that the bridges will be unsafe by 1986, when the line will have to close, if the bridges are not rebuilt.

So LT asked Bucks for the money. Bucks said no, and suggested that LT tried the Department of Transport. The Department of Transport said no, but said that if Bucks asked for government help through the transport grant system it would pay 70 per cent of the cost. Bucks still said no.

Then LT turned to the Greater London Council, which finances the underground, although the Chesham line is outside its area. The GLC, which will discuss the issue at its next transport committee meeting, is reluctant to pay up. If it spends the needed money it would, under present government priorities, be penalised for overspending. So LT will have to ask the government for permission to close the line, or in any case it will have to stop running the trains in 1986.

If the line is closed there will have to be a replacement bus service – paid for by Buckinghamshire county council.

Mick Hamer

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Black journalists on the move

IF THE professions are still the preserve of white middle-class people, it is not for lack of interest among those excluded. A new journalists' training course for black people has been flooded with applications. The Commission for Racial Equality, which is to run the 20-place course with the support of the industry and the Manpower Services Commission, has confessed to being 'slightly startled' at the 400 inquiries it has received since first advertising the course last month.

A spokesman for the CRE said: 'When we first looked at why so few people from ethnic minorities worked in the media, we were told they didn't apply for jobs or training. Figures given us by the National Council for the Training of Journalists tended to bear this out. They showed that although ethnic minorities make up about four per cent of the population, they only comprised about 0.013 per cent of people on journalism courses. But the response to our publicity shows the demand really is there.'

Sadhana Ghose, national organiser of the 350-strong Black Media Workers Association, which urged the setting up of the course, said young black people were put off journalism, either because it was dominated by middle-class whites or because they came from deprived areas and did not have enough O and A levels – or confidence. One girl had been advised by teachers not to bother with journalism because it would be so hard for her, as a black woman, to make headway.

The 36-week course, which starts in September at the Polytechnic of Central London, has been set up under a little-used section of the Race Relations Act, 1976, which enables training bodies to provide training for any racial group which is being under-represented in the work for which the training is provided. The clause has also been used by the GLC to train black people for the fire brigade and by Derbyshire Police.

The Black Media Workers' published a directory of black freelance and specialist journalists last month. Many of the people they contacted, however, refused to go in for fear the register would be used by racists as a guide to whom to attack.

Jane Pickard

The register is available from 180b Holland Road, London W14 for £2 plus p&p.

MISCELLANY

Which paymaster calls the tune?

Which office of State has been held by Neville Chamberlain, Judith Hart and Shirley Williams? You may not think this question important, and clearly neither does Mrs Thatcher, who left the post vacant after giving Cecil Parkinson his reward for running a successful election campaign. Since then the government has been struggling on without a Paymaster General.

This raises the inevitable question. What does a Paymaster General do? We asked what used to be Mr Parkinson's office in the Privy Council Office. They referred to the existence of the Paymaster General's Office, which employs 870 civil servants in Crawley, West Sussex. Their job is to pay pensions to former employees of the Civil Service, National Health Service, the Department of Education and Science and the Armed Forces (except Army 'other ranks', but that is probably another story). They said they could not remember there ever having not been a Paymaster General.

To whom are these 870 civil servants now responsible? Mr Parkinson's former office didn't know, but suggested we try the Treasury, or 10 Downing Street. But first we telephoned Crawley and asked them. 'We're responsible to the Assistant Paymaster General,' they said. 'But he's away.' But when he comes back, he will still be a civil servant, we pointed out. Who is your political master or mistress? 'That's a very good question,' they said. They thought it was probably the Treasury's problem.

We asked the Treasury. Whose head is on the block when something goes wrong? Who will answer questions in the House about index-linked pensions for retired admirals? 'The simple fact is that there is no one responsible,' we were told.

Surely Downing Street could tell us. Would the Prime Minister carry the can? 'No,' said an official. 'We think it's the responsibility of Treasury ministers.'

The Assistant PG will be having urgent consultations with the Treasury when he returns; it appears that the office of Paymaster General has been vacant before – the last time was in 1967 – but no one can remember what happened on that occasion.

Distant drums

The Central Electricity Generating Board seems to be having a spot of bother with new drums it intends to use to transport low-level radio-active waste from its nuclear power stations. In a recent accident on the main A5 road in North Wales, an articulated lorry taking eight of the 2½-ton containers from Trawsfynydd nuclear power station near Blaenau Ffestiniog back to their manufacturers in Wolverhampton shed six of them as it turned into a public car park at Corwen. One struck a Volvo, causing a certain amount of damage, and the North Wales police conscientiously logged the incident as another road traffic accident. The drums are designed to transport items like contaminated clothing and equipment, but the CEGB assures us that none had ever been used for its intended purpose: 'They were virgin drums being returned to their makers for design modifications'. Not the most confidence-boosting statement, one could have wished for in the circs, but there it is.

Ancient history (1)

Rummaging through a second-hand bookshop the other day, we found an intriguing volume called *Patriots? . . . My Foot!*, written by the right-wing polemicist Colm Brogan. The book turned out to be a sustained piece of invective against Michael Foot and (to a lesser extent) Donald Bruce, better known these days as Lord Bruce of Donington. Brogan attacked Foot for his 'plangent pleading', and continued: 'When Mr Michael Foot said that kind of thing a few years ago he found a large and attentive audience. But he makes a mistake if he thinks that this querulous claptrap goes down so well today.' As you've probably guessed by now, the book is not of recent issue. It was, in fact, published in 1949.

Ancient history (2)

While in historical mood (this column, as you will have noticed, is nothing if not scholarly), we are grateful to the anonymous correspondent who sent us the following extract from *The Journal of the Board of Agriculture*, Vol. XXV No. 8, published in November 1918: *'Successful Woman Thatcher.* – A woman thatcher, trained in Essex, has been employed with much success, and is already booked in advance by two more farmers so soon as her present job is finished. Many women are doing good work as thatchers; and further facilities are to be afforded for the training of women in thatching.' As our correspondent asks, was this a prototype version of the Youth Opportunities Programme?

Money no object

Talk of Thatcher clones inevitably leads us to another grocer's daughter – Shirley Porter, the right-wing leader of Westminster Council. (In her case, the grocer in question happened to be the head of Tesco, but that is by the by.) On Tuesday morning, more than 5,000 employees of Westminster Council received an admonitory letter from Ms Porter: 'We have got to make savings,' she announced, 'and we are going to do so.' She elaborated: 'The world has changed a lot in the last three years. Things have got tough and every part of national life has got to get better. More than three million unemployed tell the story – and jobs don't grow on trees . . . We are going to work out a system for rewarding those who do well, with cash incentives for efficiency and enterprise . . . For those who are inefficient and don't pull their weight there may well be demotion or redundancy.' She added that it was 'only right to warn the lazy and inefficient to be on their guard'. Indeed so; perhaps Ms Porter will begin by examining

herself. Copies of her letter were stuffed into 5,080 individually addressed envelopes (which had taken the council's secretaries many hours to type) and posted by first-class mail. Total cost: £812 for stamps alone, not including the cost of envelopes and administrative time. If the letters had been sent through the council's internal mail (as would be usual), the cost would have been about £100. We trust the district auditor will be looking into the affair.

Poets' corner

Who says the unemployed are not fighting back? *The Scotsman* recently reported on the 'rash of samizdat alternative newspapers' produced by the unemployed which have emerged in Scotland over the last couple of years. Although not always to the refined taste of the Edinburgh-based quality daily (current advertising slogan: 'More on Andropov than Andrew'), the extracts quoted are described by the paper as 'agonised primeval screams'. Primeval or not, there are certainly some gems. Under the heading 'Sod Off Snoopers', *Beat the Dole Drum*, published by the Grampian Unemployment Union, urged its readers to greet inspectors from the Government's Specialist Claims Control Unit by 'biting their bums'. One of the unemployed in Johnstone near Paisley managed to get into print with a memorable patriotic verse:

I'm glad to be British
Glad to be free
But I wish I were a doggie
And Maggie a tree.

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Private industry backs rail

A POWERFUL group of industrialists has told the government to keep the railways open, and not to implement the Serpell Report. The group is the Private Wagon Federation, representing the builders and users of private wagons, most of whom are large firms with their own private sidings. Private wagons account for 40 per cent of the freight traffic on the railways.

The chairman of the Private Wagon Federation said yesterday that the Serpell Report had created 'a crisis of confidence' among British industrialists who use the railways.

The federation has told the government that it should give a long-term commitment to the 'integrity' of the railway network.

This is the first sign of the emergence of an industrial rail lobby, and it could prove extremely significant. Since the war the voice of industry has been dominated by the road lobby, which has supported railway cuts.

The industrialists are asking for an immediate guarantee of five years' life for the freight lines which its members use. And they want to get all-party agreement to extend this guarantee to 10 or 20 years – for the life-time of several Parliaments.

The industrialists' discontent is in part the consequence of a little-noticed element of official transport policy: under the 1974 Railways Act, the government can pay up to 60 per cent of the cost of private railway sidings and wagons, if the grant will result in a transfer of traffic from road to rail.

But this praiseworthy attempt to get juggernauts off country roads has led to firms constructing sidings up otherwise little-used railway lines.

These investments, which even with the government grants frequently run into hundreds of thousands of pounds, will last 20 or 30 years – compared with a juggernaut life of around seven years. The industrialists therefore want a government guarantee that their investment in private sidings will not be wasted.

As an alternative, if a line is closed, the industrialists are asking the government for compensation for their wasted assets.

These demands don't directly affect passengers. But many of these lines are used by both passengers and freight, and if the government does guarantee the life of a freight service then it will effectively underwrite the passenger service as well.

Mick Hamer

Torch Computers go the GEC way

THE ABSORPTION of Torch Computers into GEC, the UK's largest company, will send a frisson of alarm through the dozens of small computer companies which, with the help of public money, have tried to remain operationally independent.

Torch was formed two years ago by two computer experts from Acorn computers, who have since withdrawn from Torch, and two chartered accountants who ran a company called Climar. Through Climar, the two – Martin Vlieland-Boddy and Peter Harris – owned 51 per cent of Torch's shares. The rest were owned by Newmarket Venture Capital, a Bermudan-based finance company, Bell Nominees and the Welsh Development Agency.

Torch makes a 'communicating computer' with a unique facility for linking to the telephone system; it can communicate via phone lines to other computers. It was elegantly designed by Ian Sinclair, Clive's industrial designer brother, and very well received by the punters.

With a good product, Torch had little trouble getting its initial funding. The Department of Industry contributed £40,000 from its microelectronics fund and the Welsh Development Agency contributed £250,000 to help set up a factory in Caernarfon. The largest sum, £800,000, came from Newmarket Venture Capital which got a 35 per cent equity stake in return. Climar, the holding company, invested less than £250,000 but ended up with 51 per cent of the shares.

This lack of control was not acceptable to Newmarket who, faced with Torch's need for a further £1.5 million in order to stay solvent and expand, began trying to change Torch's management. Weeks of bitter board room wrangling followed, only ended by GEC's decision to buy 76 per cent of Torch's shares.

In the process, two members of Torch's management, Neil McKay and William Wilson, were sacked, while two others are now to split the ownership of the remaining 24 per cent of the company with Vlieland-Boddy and Harris. Thus the latter two have lost their controlling stake, which is what Newmarket had wanted.

Although Torch had said in the past that it had always intended that 'staff should participate in the company,' these four directors are the only Torch employees to hold shares under the new ownership. Perks for management have been considerable in the past: in 1982, the *Guardian* reported that the company had bought two light aircraft and rented a villa in France 'for the use of those who had been working until 2am night after night, putting in 80 hours a week'. William Wilson says that Torch's company cars include a Rolls-Royce and a Lotus Turbo Esprit.

Now, according to Malcolm Bates, one of GEC's main board directors, GEC is itself going to exert 'a lot of influence' over the way Torch is run and where its money goes. Newmarket had demanded a re-audit of Torch's accounts; those published in early May showed a loss of £65,000 but they were withdrawn and re-issued showing a profit of £29,000. Peter Harris said these accounts were 'not for public scrutiny'. Illegally, the company has filed no accounts at Companies House since its formation. In April 1982, Torch announced it would produce 1,000 computers a month, yet has only managed between 200 and 400 a month.

The history so far thus appears as an everyday story of British industry: an admired and innovative product backed by public money; no innovations in worker participation and growing doubts about a management strategy for production and accountability; take-over by large multinational.

Caroline Berman

Judge sees Alf's sinister hand

A JUDGE at Chelmsford Crown Court has some unusual inside information about the Animal Liberation Front. 'Nebulous as it is', said Judge Brian Watling in a recent trial, 'it is a very dangerous organisation and very possibly a front for something much more complex than merely the welfare of animals'.

In February 1982, 60 people protested peacefully outside Life Science Research of Stock, Chelmsford, a private laboratory which experiments on animals for commercial purposes. A group of activists broke through the perimeter wire, caused £75,000 worth of damage, and removed six beagles.

Twenty-five people were eventually tried on charges arising out of this incident. For administrative reasons the group was split into three: Judge Watling presided over the two trials, and Judge Butler over the third.

The charges varied from committing criminal damage and handling stolen property (dogs and documents) to conspiracy to commit damage and theft. Seven defendants were acquitted by the jury: most of the others were cleared of all but minor offences.

Nevertheless, Judge Watling sentenced his defendants to prison terms of 15 months, two periods of six months, four months in a detention centre, and two youth custody sentences of three weeks. Judge Butler imposed much lighter sentences. Appeals are to be heard against all the custodial sentences.

The animal rights movement regards the sentences as another indication of an increased state clamp-down against animal rights protesters. They complain that their mail is being tampered with (*NS* 20 May 1983), their phones are tapped, and that the police are being much more aggressive towards peaceful demonstrations.

Steve Elsworth

Yarn workers win strike

AFTER 14 weeks of round-the-clock picketing and one mass rally outside the mill gates, the strike at Aire Valley Yarns ended last month in a remarkable victory for the workers. Two of their demands, union recognition and reinstatement, have been met. The third, the reinstatement of their shop steward Liaquat Ali, will depend on the results of an industrial tribunal which first sat on 7 and 8 July. It has been adjourned until 25 July. Management has said it will accept the tribunal's decision. Liaquat Ali is claiming that he was sacked for trying to organise a union branch at the mill, while Aire Valley Yarns managers claim that it was because the firm needed redundancies.

The union (TGWU) and management have now agreed that there is to be a properly negotiated contract of employment, disciplinary and grievance procedures and basic health and safety requirements. Wages are also to be negotiated by the union. Previously, workers claim, wages were as low as £1.02 an hour, health and safety conditions were poor, and there was not even a first aid kit on the premises.

Derek Bedford, one of the managers of Aire Valley Yarns, commented this week: 'Nothing has changed, these facilities always existed'. He admitted, however, that there was now a union branch at the mill. It is clear that the management at AVY held out as long as was economically feasible. Production measured in number of lorries leaving the mill was down by two-thirds, suggesting that attempts to recruit and use scab labour had failed despite the high unemployment in Bradford.

Amrit Wilson

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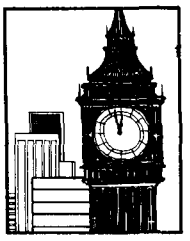

PETER KELLNER, Political Editor

Shock! horror! Lawson sticks to Tory manifesto

IN ALL THE arguments that have been fired against the government since Nigel Lawson announced his micro-budget last week, the most serious has wholly failed to dent its target. In various ways he was accused of violating promises that the Conservatives gave during the general election campaign.

Now the new Chancellor does not need, and may not want, the support of this column: many a Tory politician has had a promising political career cut short by the *New Statesman*'s unwelcome embrace. Ask Jock Bruce-Gardyne what happened to him after we drew attention to his brave criticism of the Falklands war. However, our sense of duty compels us to insist that Lawson is right: his package of public spending cuts may be misguided, unexpected, unpopular and cruel; but it does not break any promises.

The reason is simple. During the campaign the Tories largely avoided making promises that anyone could later quote against them. They asked for and received a wad of blank cheques. Last week Lawson cashed the first of them. In this respect this year's manifesto was very different from 1979. Then the Tories said: 'the state takes too much of the nation's income; its share must be steadily reduced'. In fact the share continued to rise. The Tories also promised to 'cut income tax at all levels'; it didn't happen.

This time the Tories have given themselves no such hostages to fortune. Here is a complete list of specific, or moderately specific pledges, given in the 1983 manifesto on taxation, government spending and unemployment:

- We shall maintain firm control of public spending and borrowing.
- We have committed over £2,000m this year to training and special measures for the unemployed . . . As long as unemployment remains high, we shall maintain special measures of this kind.
- We shall continue to provide for, and improve, the special employment and training needs of the disabled, and to reform our training agencies to meet more effectively the needs of industry and workers alike.
- Further improvements in allowances and lower rates of income tax remain a high priority.
- We shall continue to protect retirement pensions and other linked long-term benefits against rising prices. The Christmas bonus . . . will continue to be paid every year.
- We shall complete our major programme of building which will provide another 4,800 places in ten new prisons.

One other pledge, omitted from the manifesto, was given by Mrs Thatcher at the first Conservative press conference during the campaign: to purchase the Trident missile system to replace Polaris. Otherwise the tone and language of the manifesto is to say the Conservative government has done this, that or the other (example: 'supplementary benefits . . . have been raised ahead of prices') and leave the voter to draw the conclusion that the same trends will continue. But not only does the manifesto not promise that; its governing statement is that 'we shall maintain firm control of public spending and borrowing'. If Lawson is guilty of anything, it is of upholding a bad manifesto, rather than violating a good one.

BY EXTENSION it is quite unnecessary to accuse the Conservatives of possessing a 'hidden manifesto'. Everything in the broad direction of the government's strategy can be defined from the actual manifesto and applying to it ascertainable facts and established economic theory. If unemployment rises, so does 'demand-determined' government spending: unemployment benefit, social security payments and so on. To hold down the total of public spending the government must cut ever deeper into non-demand-determined spending: schools, hospitals, even – holy of holies – defence.

In these circumstances the Think Tank report and all those other documents that were leaked during the election campaign can only be combined to sustain a charge that Mrs Thatcher possessed a 'hidden manifesto' in the sense that a private secretary privately informing her at 7pm that in one hour it will be 8pm can be said to be harbouring a 'hidden chronometer'. It would, surely, be far more shocking if the private secretary told her it would soon be midnight, or breakfast time, or the Wednesday after next.

By the same token, the significance of the Think Tank report is that it provided a clear-headed statement of the inevitable consequences of seven more years of slow growth.

According to the Think Tank, public spending is bound to rise throughout the 1980s, unless either specific commitments (such as on defence spending) are broken or services are reduced. In 1982-3 prices, for example, it assumed that defence spending would rise by at least £3 billion a year by 1990-91; housing expenditure by at least £600m 'simply to maintain the habitability of much of the existing stock'; law and order spending by at least £600m to allow for greater policing and more prisons; health and social security spending by at least £3 billion mainly to cater for the growing number of old people; and spending in Scotland, Wales and Northern Ireland by at least £1 billion so that their services can keep in line with England's.

Altogether something like £10 billion extra each year will need to be spent to stand still, even assuming no further rise in unemployment. At the same time, by the end of the decade tax revenues from North Sea oil will be starting to fall, *and* a Tory government, if elected for a third term, will be hoping to reduce taxation. The Think Tank reckoned that an average growth rate of 2.5 per cent a year would allow the government to maintain its spending on public services, but *not* to reduce taxes as well.

Any lesser growth rate would screw up the government's plans in a number of ways. Tax receipts would be less. Direct spending on unemployment and social security would be higher. Indirect spending would also be higher: the Think Tank reckoned, for example, that continued high unemployment would lead to demands to spend not £600m but £2.6 billion more on housing – for otherwise the quality of much post-war housing, which many individuals would lack the money to maintain, would decline disastrously.

It is now clear why this year's Tory manifesto contained as few promises as it did, and why Lawson behaved as he did last week. The newly announced cuts in defence, health, education and employment spending are, in their modest way, indicators of the government's response to the dilemma presented by the Think Tank's remorseless arithmetic. There will be more bad news to come.

Here are some measures that could be announced within the next twelve months without in any way violating the Tories' election manifesto: further cuts in public spending, probably in the form of lower grants to local authorities, announced this autumn to make up for shortfalls not yet incorporated in the government's spending plans (last week's announcement contained no allowance for the fact that this year's Common Market budget rebate is £350 million lower than implied by the Spring public spending white paper); higher national insurance rates, also to be announced this autumn (the manifesto talked about cutting *income tax*, not national insurance rates); significantly higher charges to the patients and parents who rely on the National Health Service and state schools; and lower unemployment benefit.

All of which will, of course, make Britain economically, socially and morally a poorer nation; but that's another story. Don't say you haven't been warned. □

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A very brutal show

Audiences roar approval as men batter each other's brains – causing lasting damage, and sometimes death. Jim Mulligan sums up the evidence

REPORTS THAT the great Mohammed Ali, one time heavyweight boxing champion of the world, is suffering the effects of severe brain damage underline the real physical damage done by what must be one of the most degrading activities still tolerated by civilised society. The cumulative medical evidence against boxing over the years finally resulted in the British Medical Association deciding last year to campaign for the total abolition of professional boxing. (The British Safety Council had already decided to seek a similar ban.)

Most public attention and disquiet has centred on deaths directly due to boxing. In June last year a young Nigerian, Asymin Mustapha (who boxed under the name of Young Ali) was knocked out in a contest at London's Dorchester Hotel. He was taken to the Middlesex Hospital in a coma for brain surgery. He never came out of his coma and eventually died in December. The circumstances of this tragedy were particularly unattractive – smacking of gladiatorial contests in the Roman Coliseum. The event was a boxing evening promoted by the World Sporting Club – an evening dress affair, where Ascot Week revellers enjoyed a night out (complete with brandy and cigars) while being treated to the spectacle of young men, mostly from very underprivileged backgrounds, punching one another insensible. Even as Mustapha was being rushed to hospital for his emergency brain operation, the boxing still continued. In January of this year a reluctant British Boxing Board of Control finally made some concession to public disquiet by coming into line with most other world boxing authorities and reducing the length of title fights from 15 to 12 rounds.

At the BMA conference that decided against boxing, the 'sport' was described as 'legalized grievous bodily harm'. In fact, in at least 339 cases since the end of the last war it has been legalised murder. Yet the law treats these episodes as 'accidents'. The last time that charges were brought in Britain following a death in the ring was in 1901, when several officials of the National Sporting Club (forerunner of today's World Sporting Club) were charged with being involved in the felonious killing of a certain Murray Livingstone. They were acquitted when the jury were persuaded that what had happened was an accident.

But what happens in not an accident. Men are paid money to punch each other on the head. In this country a totally self-appointed body, the British Boxing Board of Control, issues so-called licences to men to carry out this sort of violence. In fact the Board can punish a man for not being violent enough.

In 1974 the then up-and-coming middleweight, Alan Minter, fought Jan Magdziarz at the Albert Hall. Both men fought cagily, much to the displeasure of the crowd which bayed for more action. When more action was not forthcoming, the referee disqualified both boxers. Subsequently they were hauled up before the Board, fined £300 each and told to do better in future.

'Young Ali', Asymin Mustapha (right) in his last, fatal fight at the Dorchester Hotel

Sport & General

Four years ago another Minter opponent, Angelo Jocopucci, died after the fight.

BUT DEATHS in the ring are only the dramatic tip of the iceberg of physical and mental damage done by professional boxing. The 'punch drunk' syndrome was first identified by H. S. Martland as long ago as 1928. Since then the cumulative medical evidence of the effects of boxing, particularly in respect of damage to the brain, has been overwhelming. A series of studies in this country and elsewhere over the years, culminating in work published by the Royal College of Physicians in 1969, has pointed to the risks of chronic brain damage as a result of a boxing career. In 1969 the neurologist A. H. Roberts found that one in six of some 250 randomly selected ex-professional boxers that he had examined were suffering from

Ringside seat

'Reader, have you ever seen a fight? If not, you have a pleasure to come, at least if it is a fight like that between the Gas-man and Bill Neate . . . The Gas-man aiming a mortal blow at his adversary's neck, with his right hand, and failing from the length he had to reach, the other returned it with his left at full swing, planted a tremendous blow on his cheek-bone and eye-brow, and made a red ruin of that side of his face . . . It was doubtful whether he would fall backwards or forwards; he hung suspended for a second or two, and then fell back, throwing his hands in the air, and with his face lifted up to the sky. I never saw anything more terrific than his aspect just before he fell. All traces of life, of natural expression, were gone from him. His face was like a human skull, a death's head, spouting blood. The eyes were filled with blood, the nose streamed with blood, the mouth gaped blood. He was not like an actual man, but like a preternatural, spectral appearance, or like one of the figures in Dante's *Inferno*. Yet he fought on after this for several rounds, still striking the first desperate blow, and Neate standing on the defensive, and using the same cautious guard to the last, as if he had still all his work to do; and it was not till the Gas-man was so stunned in the seventeenth or eighteenth round, that his senses forsook him, and he could not come to time, that the battle was declared over.'

From 'The Fight' by William Hazlitt, published in the New Monthly Magazine in February 1822.

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some clinical disorder. In the same year a neuro-psychiatrist, J. Johnston, studied 17 middle-aged boxers with neuro-psychiatric symptoms. He discovered four 'organic psycho-syndromes' which he attributed to the effects of boxing – chronic amnesia, dementia, reactions of rage in personality disorder and morbid jealousy.[1]

Perhaps the most damning evidence against boxing was published in 1973 by Professor J. A. N. Corsellis. He had carried out a pathological examination of the brains of 15 former professional boxers. He found horrendous damage to cerebral tissue in many cases. He also revealed that four of the boxers had died suffering from a confirmed Parkinson's Disease syndrome, which was also suspected in several of the others as well.[2] This kind of damage is not confined to those with long boxing careers. In 1974 a 25-year-old British middleweight boxer was diagnosed as being punch drunk after only ten fights.

Damage to the eyes from boxing seems to be just as common as damage to the brain. The highest paid boxer of all time, Sugar Ray Leonard, has had a detached retina. Mr J. H. Doggart, a consultant surgeon at the Moorfields Eye Hospital in London and a supporter of Dr Edith Summerskill's celebrated campaign for the abolition of professional boxing in the 1960s, has found a catalogue of eye injuries common in boxers. As well as detached retinas, these include paralytic diplopia, iritis, cataract, glaucoma and vitreous opacity.

The late Professor Weve of Utrecht, who was one of the world's leading authorities on retinal detachment and who operated on many boxers, once said that in his view boxing was not a sport but 'a very brutal show for people with a minimum of heart and brains and a maximum of infantile atavism'.

What is more, so long as a man's head is still the target for this 'very brutal show', death and serious injury will continue. For, as Professor Corsellis put it in a BBC Radio 'You the Jury' debate on boxing: 'If the head is struck, it's reasonable to assume that what's inside it will be damaged.'

Even those who are concerned with the proper medical supervision of boxing often have to face the threat of legal action from fighters, who have been refused a licence to box for their own good.

So far as the British Boxing Board of Control is concerned, though its sole stated reason for existence is to regulate British boxing fairly and to prevent exploitation, it has allowed the sport to be run and promoted by a London-based monopoly for the past ten years. The Board has an insurance policy with Lloyd's to cover death or injury to any of its licensed fighters. But up to last year only one boxer had ever received compensation for injury. He was Chris Finnegan, who was paid £500 in compensation for the loss of his right eye due to a detached retina. Finnegan was injured in 1975, but did not get his £500 until 1981.

[1] *A. H. Roberts 'Brain Damage in Boxers' (Pitman 1969) and J. Johnston* British Journal of Psychiatry *115, 45-53 1969*
[2] *The Aftermath of Boxing BMA 1973*

IMMIGRATION

Refuge refused

Britain's policy on refugees is arbitrary and unpredictable – as many Cypriots are finding reports Fiona McTaggart

IN CONTRAST to its strict immigration policy, the government has always claimed that its policies towards refugees are generous. But that generosity is flawed by a political double standard and a bureaucratic refugee category, 'exceptional leave to remain', which is not mentioned in any statute, convention or immigration rule. This humanitarian policy of granting exceptional leave for individuals fleeing from conflict and danger is a cruel sham when it offers no long-term escape from the conditions which led to flight in the first place.

The political double standard is most evident in backbench responses to government actions – the public row earlier this year following the government decision to return Stancu Papusoiu to Romania is an example. Much less noise was heard from Conservative benches when Iranians were being returned to risk torture and death at the hands of the Khomeini regime.

The Papusoiu row has wrung some reforms from the government. This has now pledged to ensure that all people seeking refuge in this country will be given direct access to legal advice and representation. But neither advice nor representation protects those who are not given refugee status.

Under the 1951 United Nations convention, a refugee is defined as a person who, owing to a well-founded fear of persecution on the grounds of race, religion, nationality, membership of a particular social group or political opinion, cannot return to his country of nationality. The convention was introduced in response to the problems of Europe created by large numbers of people from Eastern Europe seeking asylum from régimes in their own country. It did not attempt to deal with people who were displaced from their homes as a result of wars, natural disasters or civil unrest.

Most African states in 1969 signed a OAU convention which created an obligation to provide refuge for those fleeing from this sort of crisis. Western countries have, however, developed 'exceptional leave to remain' as an *ad hoc* response to these situations, which is often not announced to their parliaments and which is implemented in an unpredictable and arbitrary way.

Thus Poles who were in Britain when martial law was declared were, within 24 hours, allowed to remain here under a policy which was announced to Parliament and which gave them temporary permission to remain. Iranians continued to be returned to Iran until December 1982. It was only as a result of a vigorous campaign that the government started to implement an (as yet unannounced) policy of allowing Iranians to stay in Britain exceptionally. People from Uganda, Eritrea and Afghanistan are among other groups who, collectively or as individuals, have been allowed to remain in the UK under this kind of policy.

Under these arrangements, people are given permission to remain in the UK for six months or a year at a time. The Home Office informs them that 'any application you may make for further leave will be sympathetically considered'. However, it is essentially a temporary expedient. Unlike those granted asylum or refugee status, people allowed to remain exceptionally under an arrangement for a national group have no prospect of obtaining a permanent right to remain in Britain after four years of short-term permission to stay.

Until recently, when the Home Office allowed an individual to remain here exceptionally (not under a special programme for all people of a particular nationality) they could normally expect to be given permission to stay permanently after four years. But now there are signs that the Home Office is, unilaterally, ending this practice. One couple recently received a letter from the Home Office stating: 'This does not count towards the four year qualifying period before indefinite leave to remain can be considered.' They have no right of appeal.

THE LONGEST-RUNNING 'exceptional' arrangement for a refugee group is for Cypriots. It was almost exactly nine years ago, on 15 July 1974, that a Greek junta-backed coup overthrew President Makarios. Within days, Turkey invaded Cyprus, setting in train a refugee problem in which one third of the island's residents were made homeless. Britain was a guarantor power of the independence and sovereignty of Cyprus, it had a substantial military presence on the island, but it took no action to prevent the coup, the invasion or the subsequent partition of the island.

Ten-thousand Cypriot refugees fled to Britain and were given temporary exceptional permission to stay. But their welcome did not last long. If they had close relatives in Cyprus who had a permanent home there, they were sent back to join them (often in grossly overcrowded conditions). They could not return to their own homes – in the divided island of Cyprus all Greek Cypriots were forced to return to the South, and Turkish Cypriots were returned to the Turkish controlled North.

By this action, the British government implicitly accepted and endorsed the *de facto* division of Cyprus on a permanent basis – in direct contradiction to its declared policy on Cyprus contained in a UN resolution which calls for a reunified, independent and non-aligned Cyprus, the withdrawal of all foreign troops from the island and the return of refugees to their own homes.

Some Cypriots got married and settled down in Britain. Others left Britain to make

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a new home for themselves in America or Australia. For those that remained, the insecurity of their status and the constant threat of being returned to a divided island was intolerable. A campaign last year, which involved all sections of the Cypriot community, persuaded the Home Office to announce a review of the policy. This led to a decision, on 29 April 1982, that some Cypriots would be allowed to remain permanently. 550 Cypriots have benefited from that announcement; but many have not. Forty-two Cypriots, many of whom are refugees, have been deported since the policy was announced because they did not meet the limited conditions laid down by the Home Office. The announcement did not, for example, include Cypriots who, although genuine refugees, had used their time in Britain to study and had therefore automatically been treated under the immigration rules as 'students', even though they qualified for exceptional leave to remain.

A number of Cypriots are now under daily threat of deportation. They have lived here for between seven and nine years, they have built their homes here, educated their children, set up businesses and become part of our communities. Now, they face expulsion to an island which is still divided, whose language their children may not even speak.

The Home Office has always claimed that its policy of allowing people to stay 'exceptionally', outside the immigration rules, is humanitarian. It describes last year's decision to allow some Cypriots to remain permanently as 'generous'. This does not bode well for the other groups of quasi-refugees who have been given exceptional leave to remain.

In a meeting earlier this year with the Joint Council for the Welfare of Immigrants, David Waddington, Home Office Minister of State, said that Poles and Iranians would eventually be given the right to stay permanently in Britain. But he has not revealed how this might be done. The grant of exceptional leave to remain is totally outside the immigration rules – those refugees who obtain it are wholly at the mercy of the Home Office. If they are eventually granted permission to stay, it might be on the same exclusive basis as for Cypriots. If there is not enough political pressure, they may never be given a chance to remain in Britain. □

THIS ENGLAND

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□ At Lord's the West Indian and Indian supporters were not only gripped by a game which this country gave to the world, they were cheering for countries which we, the British created. – Editorial in *Daily Telegraph* (Glenys Kinnock)

□ A number of Metropolitan Police Officers these days can be seen wearing a rather curious tie depicting a little red devil holding a pronged fork. The explanation for this item of unofficial uniform is that all the wearers have been subjected to internal disciplinary proceedings. – *Sunday Express* (Russell Holmes)

CIVIL DEFENCE

Life after the bomb

Duncan Campbell reminds government officials of their earlier reports on survival policy after a nuclear war

THE SECRET SLUR on the British Medical Association's controversial report on 'The medical effects of nuclear war' appears to be part of a deliberate government policy to prevent public comprehension of the effects of a nuclear attack. This policy, highlighted last week by the leaking of a Home Office commentary on the BMA report, is reflected in a series of recent official actions, including a proposed reissue of instructions to health authorities on medical war plans. Now, it appears that the Home Office Scientific Research and Development Branch has simply resorted to abusing its critics as 'propagandists'.

Over the last two years, a wealth of independent work has been done on applying known information on the effects of nuclear weapons to a range of possible attacks, and determining the consequences. The leading organisation doing this before the BMA entered the field was Scientists Against Nuclear Arms (SANA). The Home Office's chief complaint is that the BMA faithfully reported the sometimes conflicting figures and views of the Home Office and SANA and has judged the Home Office analyses to be inconsistent.

The scientific data used by SANA in its estimates is not, as the Home Office letter implied, propaganda. It used data published by the US Congress and US Department of Defense, which suggest higher casualty levels than those used by the Home Office. The Home Office has also omitted several kinds of casualties from its calculations, and on other occasions published contradictory information and made many other errors.

The writer of the leaked Home Office letter, Mr John Miles, is in fact the only person in government (with two more junior assistants) who is responsible for assessing the consequences of nuclear attack. His letter was circulated to each government Regional Scientific Adviser in England and Wales. The letter attacked the BMA report as having a 'high degree of bias' and displaying a 'lack of coherent argument or analysis'. The report, Miles urged, could not be regarded as 'an objective scientific document' and was 'strongly influenced by CND type propaganda'.

The most appropriate response – beyond wholehearted condemnation of this furtive and dishonest libel – might be to view the letter as the emotional response of a hot-headed junior scientist, whose credibility, already torn, was left in shreds by the BMA working party's careful analyses. That was the line which Douglas Hurd, the new Home Office Minister in the civil defence seat, attempted to take after the letter was leaked to this magazine and the *Guardian* last week.

However, Home Office Ministers have not previously hesitated to offer highly optimistic and wholly unjustified claims about possible survival levels in a future nuclear war. Officially, it is claimed that 70-85 per cent of the population will survive, half as a result of government civil defence plans. But in early and unpublished evidence to the BMA, the Home Office admitted that no calculations, however faulty, supported such claims

> Important policy decisions may be based on little more than unquantified estimates.

The Home Office was especially upset by the conclusion that the BMA reached concerning casualty estimates, stating that

> On the evidence (we) have received . . . the projections from SANA give a more realistic estimated of the blast, heat and radiation effect of nuclear weapons. We understand that the Home Office is currently revising its calculations . . .

This, it was suggested, 'was clearly intended to be disparaging', and proved that the BMA specialists were biased. In fact, it was not intended to debunk the Home Office scientific team any more than their non-scientist official colleagues have been doing for some time. The discrepancy between official British and American data on bomb effects is considerable, and other Home Office civil defence officials have not been impressed by the persistent errors made by their scientific branch.

MILES ATTACHED a detailed note, with 11 specific criticisms of the BMA's report. First, complains Miles:

> An estimated attack of 200MT is attributed to the Home Office. It must be re-emphasised that there is no Home Office estimate for an attack.

This, quite bluntly, is untrue. In 1981, the Home Office published a book on nuclear shelters, entitled *Domestic Nuclear Shelters – Technical Guidance*. Chapter 1 stated

> It is thought that in nuclear war the UK might expect about 200 Megatons of nuclear weapons of various sizes to be delivered against about 80 targets.

That appears to be a relatively precise official estimate. The estimate has also been consistent over time. In 1977, the Training Manual for Scientific Advisers, issued by Mr Miles's department, suggested that in nuclear war

> Perhaps the UK could expect . . . say 200MT.

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Photographs published by the Home Office for their scientific advisers showing the estimated damage to houses within (left) the 'A ring' and (right) 'B ring' – the area of damage round a nuclear explosion. The BMA says such 'completely demolished' houses would give no protection against radiation. The Home Office says they don't know what they're talking about.

Details have been published of three separate Home Office computer calculations of about 200MT, including a 'standard attack' of 193MT.

A second complaint is that the BMA reproduced (without criticism) some assessments by the Home Office itself of casualty levels after nuclear attack. A former senior colleague of Mr Miles, Dr Sid Butler, had presented some results from the Home Office computer analysis to the 1981 Conference of the British Association. A book recording the conference proceedings was published in 1982.

The Home Office scientists attempted to keep these recently published assessments of the nuclear casualty levels away from the BMA working party, by bowdlerising their own work. Early in the inquiry, the Home Office submitted to the BMA a paper entitled 'Damage and casualty effects of nuclear weapons'. It was simply a retyped edition of Dr Butler's paper, explaining the general principles of the computer system used by the Home Office for estimating deaths and injuries from nuclear attack. But all the results were edited out, and other parts of the document were removed with obliterating fluid before it was sent to the BMA.

The excisions were readily spotted by comparison with the published paper. The Home Office witnesses to the BMA committee were asked to come back with the paper as it had originally been published. The incident – unsurprisingly – gravely undermined their credibility. It seemed astonishing that the Home Office should go to such absurd lengths to try and cover up and repudiate its own assessments.

Of the remaining eight points of criticism, four are complaints that the BMA had highlighted discrepancies in Home Office evidence, two accused the BMA of misunderstanding, one was an alleged error of fact, and one of method.

ONE OF THE ALLEGED misunderstandings dealt with the consequences of the blast wave of a nuclear explosion on houses in which, a little later, people might be attempting to take shelter from the radioactive fallout. The BMA report suggested that for people in the zones closest to the explosion (known as 'A' and 'B' damage rings), there would be no subsequent protection from radiation:

> Clearly, where houses are completely demolished as in the A and B damage rings, the effective (protective factor) from radiation must be 1 . . .

A 'protective factor' of one implies that persons in the house concerned have no protection from radiation. This, claims Mr Miles in his letter, is a further demonstration of the BMA's inability to present 'coherent argument and analysis.'

> This statement demonstrates a complete lack of understanding of A and B damage categories.

Readers may judge for themselves where coherent argument lies on this issue. The *New Statesman* has obtained copies of the official photographs (above) indicating the type of damage expected in the A and B damage rings, which are contained in the

STUDENTS

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Operational handbook for Scientific Advisers, issued in 1979.

According to the Home Office's own figures, even at the outer edge of the two rings, 30 per cent of shelterers will be dead, seriously injured or trapped (there would be no rescue services) before the fallout arrives. (According to the United States Congressional Office of Technology Assessment, the tally of dead and injured would in fact lie between 90 and 100 per cent!)

In the Home Office computer analysis of casualties after nuclear attack, however, it is implicitly assumed that houses such as thos illustrated – windowless, doorless and roofless, if not quite totally flattened – will provide the occupants with just as much protection against fallout and the elements as an undamaged dwelling.

Bewildered by the ferocity of the attack, members of the BMA working party recalled that their first encounter with the scientific witnesses from the Home Office had been 'very disappointing . . . one didn't quite expect to find that type of person' playing a key role in civil defence policy. 'We took very great care and put in very careful thought, but we have a duty to tell the facts as they are.'

The information put forward by the Home Office, besides the attempt at bowdlerisation, was 'highly misleading on casualty figures', according to Mr Kenneth McKeown, a consultant surgeon on the working party. He feared that 'It can only be part of a design to reduce the impact of nuclear warfare'. □

Dispersing nurses

A PROPOSED NEW government circular from the Department of Health and Social Security, on 'Civil Defence Planning in the National Health Service' is another example of a document bowdlerised to avoid discussion of the expected consequences of nuclear war. The proposed circular was written by Dr Michael Prophet, the Department of Health and Social Security chief of war planning, and circulated to Regional Health Authority emergency planning officers, which were appointed at government insistence using special funds three years ago.

The circular, due to be officially issued later this year, is a replacement for a 1977 circular, 'The preparation and organisation of the health service for war'. Many key passages are copied from the six-year old document.

But the omissions are most striking. In place of some fairly frank explanation of what the health service might hope to achieve in the face of nuclear war, the new circular – much shorter in length – offers only scanty details of administrative arrangments.

Key passages of the still-current 1977 circular advised that city centres were 'potential targets', and that staff and supplies should be dispersed away from the cities. After an attack, medical staff should not be 'wasted' by letting them assist casualties in areas of heavy fallout; these remarks are dropped.

The 1977 circular established that few casualties would have any hope of getting hospital treatment,

> In general, hospitals should only accept those casualties who . . . would be likely to be alive after seven days . . . people suffering from radiation sickness only should not be admitted.

For the rest, treatment at a casualty collecting centre would have to be 'simple and improvised' since,

> The number of casualties may be expected greatly to exceed surviving hospital resources and Directors would have to impose strict admission priorities.

Other DHSS advice has explained that the main task of casualty collecting centres would be to set up 'holding units' for the majority of dying patients who were too ill to be worth treating and too afflicted to be sent home. It is clear from the DHSS advice on 'mass casualty care' that the 'holding unit' would only be a charnel house of the moribund. But the toned-down 1983 version implies that the sole function of casualty centres would be get patients lined up in an orderly queue for hospital treatment.

> An attack may produce damage to property and result in casualties on a scale which could *temporarily* overwhelm hospital facilities . . . CCCs should be established to provide treatment and supportive care *prior to admission* to hospitals . . .(*NS* italics)

On the likely effects of an attack, the 1977 circular warned that:

> Staff . . . in central urban areas . . . should be dispersed to . . . accommodation on the fringe of the urban area . . .

The new circular merely says that 'Hospital staff who are not required for duty should remain at home'.

Privately, many DHSS medical officials are believed to regard the aim of effective nuclear war planning as unachievable, and to consider that reasonable health care could only be offered in the face of a conventional type of attack. This is also the view of members of the British Medical Association working party.

The new DHSS circular was, according to one BMA member, Dr Stuart Horner, former Area Health Officer in Croydon, 'sensible in conventional war'. The requirements for conventional war health planning were, however, diametrically opposed to what was required for nuclear war. In conventional war, centralisation of control and resources was essential; in nuclear war, the opposite – widespread dispersal – would be neccessary, he explained.

The circular claims, however, that 'planning must incorporate contingency measures for both conventional and nuclear attack' and that 'by being prepared for the worst case, the health service will be better able to meet the demands of lesser contingencies'. This, said Dr Horner, is 'simply not true'. A colleague added that the proposed plans for trying to carry on a skeletal health service after nuclear attack were unworkable.

Duncan Campbell

OBITUARY

Brian Jackson

BRIAN JACKSON was born and died in Huddersfield, a town he loved all his life and always came back to, wherever his many interests and initiatives took him. He died, aged 50, taking part in a fun run, to raise money for children.

He got a first class degree in English at St Catherine's College, Cambridge, and took the then extraordinary step of becoming a primary school teacher. He quickly identified streaming and the 11 plus as the source of much imagination-stifling teaching. His books, *English Versus Examinations* and *Streaming: an Education System in Miniature*, grew from his direct experience as a teacher of less able children – characteristically he chose the D stream.

His most influential book, *Education and the Working Class*, first emphasised in 1962 the cultural gulf between working-class home and middle-class grammar school and helped many people who, like him, came from working-class families, to see their difficulties at school in a new light.

In 1963 he was invited by Michael Young, founder of the Consumers Association, to become Director of the Advisory Centre for Education. He turned this from a small advice service for middle-class parents (which school?) into a major campaigning force for the improvement of education for all children, and the magazine *Where* became widely recognised as the voice of the consumers – both parents and children – in education. Many ideas first launched in *Where* were incorporated in the influential Plowden Report on Primary Schools in 1966. Next he founded with Michael Young the National Extension College and the experiments in television teaching which later became the Open University (an idea which he had already floated in *Education and the Working Class*).

From higher education he moved to what most people thought was a curiously peripheral subject – childminding. His research observed that this was in fact the major form of pre-school day care in Britain, and desperately in need of action to raise standards.

His revelations about the condition of minded children in inner-cities resulted in major changes in policy, a television series and a now flourishing Childminding Association.

His most recent work was on a subject very dear to his heart – fatherhood – and his book is due to be published by Allen and Unwin in the autumn. For Brian Jackson was above all a family man. All his later writings stemmed from his deep joy in the companionship of his own six children. □

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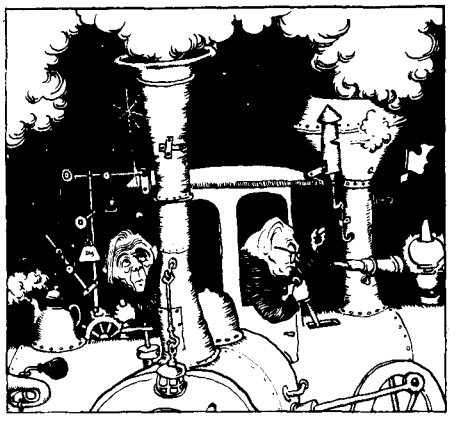
LABOUR PARTY

No plans for propaganda

In the second in our series of three articles on Labour's machine, we look at the role of the Walworth Road HQ



AS A MACHINE to turn out the vote, the Labour Party has broken down. As a crusade to convert the voter, it lacks vision, strategy and organisation. With millions of people detached from old party loyalties, or never forming them in the first place, Labour's success as an electoral machine will in future depend almost entirely on its ability to persuade.

The party is also bankrupt. By the end of 1981, it had an accumulated deficit of £½ million. Investments worth £360,000 in 1977 have all been sold off, partly to help buy the new headquarters in Walworth Road, South London, but also to fend off the bank manager. Labour desperately needs more agents in the constituencies, but cannot any longer even afford its 120 head office staff. The trade unions can no longer afford the party. Their political funds, depleted by declining membership and threatened by Tebbit's legislation, will be stretched meeting the general election bills.

But bankruptcy is only a small part of the problem. The real failure is the political one – the inability of the National Executive Committee (NEC) and the Parliamentary leaders to develop a strategy for getting Labour's message across. It should have been done in 1979. At the very least, it should have been done 12 months ago. Instead, a few months before the election, the NEC set up a Campaign Committee which could not even persuade its own members to stick to the agreed priorities.

A political strategy needs an effective organisation. The NEC's second failure was its refusal to come to grips with Walworth Road and the regional offices, to turn them into a modern campaigning and propaganda outfit. Thirdly, the NEC proved incapable of either securing the funds the party needs to operate at its present level, or trimming the operation to the money that is available.

Thirteen pages of the 1979 NEC report to Annual Conference were devoted to the general election. There were twelve riveting pages about the new photocopier and the lapel stickers before you learned that Labour lost the election. The debate at Conference that year was, if anything, even less adequate. Defeat was blamed on the 'winter of discontent'; only one speaker mentioning Labour's loss of voters and members over two decades. Nowhere was there a strategy for rebuilding the party and winning majority support for Labour.

Instead, problems were shunted off to the Commission of Enquiry which reported the following year. There is already talk of setting up another. That would be entirely pointless, since the NEC has still not implemented many of the original Commission's important recommendations – in particular, the appointment of a Director of Finance. Even worse, a follow-up report in June 1982 – produced by a Joint Study Group of NEC members, staff representatives and outside experts, chaired by Gavin Strang MP – has still not been discussed by the NEC. The Study Group identified poor management, inadequate budgetary control, nonexistent financial planning and a complete absense of mechanisms for switching staff resources to new priorities.

THREE ASPECTS of party organisation will demand the new leadership's urgent attention. First, the party needs to pay less attention to research and policy-making and far more to propaganda and campaigning. Detailed policy studies and draft legislation are all very well if you can be confident of electing a Labour government. They are largely irrelevant until there is a prospect of doing so.

In March 1981, the NEC finally established a Campaigns Committee, chaired by Joan Maynard, with Frank Allaun, Eric Heffer and Neil Kinnock amongst its members. By early 1982, it had stopped meeting for lack of interest. In despair, the staff established their own. But the party has yet to learn that a press conference, a campaign pack and a rally do not add up to a campaign.

Last November, Walworth Road launched a 'social strategy' campaign with the deadly slogan 'New Hope, New Jobs, New Rights'. The theme–the welfare state puts people back to work – was vital to Labour's election campaign. But the campaign never really happened. Constituency parties and candidates received the pack after the campaign's national launch. As usual, there was no coordinated national programme, in which every MP, NEC member and union leader delivered the same message at every opportunity. Like much of Labour's material, what should have been a hard-hitting, commonsense message – *it's crazy to pay nurses to stay on* the dole when elderly people need nursing; it's crazy to pay builders to stay on the dole when thousands of families need homes – got lost in abstractions. The party's much improved leaflet design doesn't compensate for its chronically turgid prose ('Labour will reaffirm the right to free medical treatment for all . . . clarify the rights of councils to give financial support to public transport . . . decentralisation of decision making will be encouraged').

For several years, the party has acknowledged the need to direct its campaigns at different groups of possible supporters – young people, women, the ethnic minorities and so on. It hasn't happened. The women's organisation has tried, but failed to make Labour a national focus for defending women's interests. In the 1920s, under Marion Phillips, Labour mobilised a mass women's movement. Today, the Assistant National Agent, Joyce Gould, has to combine women's organisation (helped by only one assistant) with organising unemployment rallies and other campaigns and general party trouble-shooting, such as the recent Brent East enquiry. The National Labour Women's Committee, bringing together regional women's section representatives, meets rarely and tends to get bogged down in links with other organisations and the need to make representations on one issue after another. It has never devised a longer term strategy for campaigning on women's rights.

Labour's efforts on ethnic minorities are even worse. Unlike the Conservatives, who employ a full-time ethnic minorities' organiser and who have established their own Anglo-Asian Conservative Association, Labour relies on the part-time services of one researcher – again Joyce Gould. Labour's excellent policies on immigration and nationality were never used, as they could have been, to build up regular consultative forums with black organisations, or for a national membership recruitment campaign.

In contrast, the party's youth section has a budget of £70,000 and three full-time workers – and the dead hand of Militant on its propaganda and organisation.

An effective campaigning organisation requires first rate publicity. Walworth Road's publicity department is a disaster. Nick Grant, the new Director of Publicity, was known best for his political views. The election campaign highlighted the failure to plan in advance, as well as the inability of the party to coordinate its activities and, above all, to sustain a political momentum. On the eve of poll, General Secretary Jim Mortimer spent several hours trying to unscramble a deal which Grant had done with BBC's *Newsnight*, allowing it to film in Walworth Road on polling day. Mortimer hadn't known about the arrangement!

Party political broadcasts, at least, could have been planned in advance, as the Conservatives' were (their radio broadcasts included a mini-operetta and a mock in-

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terview for the post of PM). Labour's were rushed out at the last minute. In one case, a Labour candidate was given a day's notice, had to write the script in the train to London, checked it with the advertising agent in a taxi to Walworth Road, finalised it with the head of research (the publicity director being in a meeting on the next TV script) and recorded it an hour later.

Nor was there any internal mechanism for ensuring that the publicity department produced the message the party wanted. It took one fight for Gould to insist on amending the press department's draft of the ethnic minority press advertisements, another to change the copy for the special Asian language leaflets.

IN THE REST of the country, a declining number of professional agents struggle with a declining vote. In 1977, the party employed 86 full-time agents. In 1982, it had 66, at least six of whom are threatened by the loss of a sponsored MP and his union's cash. The Commission of Enquiry accepted a proposal from the National Union of Labour Organisers (NULO) that each region appoint one or two more agents each year, particularly in the key marginals. But NULO itself has blocked the appointment of part-time agents, despite the desperate need for such appointments and despite the fact that their policy constitutes unlawful sex discrimination.

The party can't afford to appoint the agents it needs. But lack of money is no new problem. The NEC should have taken action in 1978, the year the party sold off most of its investments.

The Commission of Enquiry told it that the party 'has no reserves, a thoroughly inadequate income and is moving into serious deficit and debt'. But the NEC went ahead with a backdated comparability staff pay award, which the negotiating committee failed to cost in advance, and which is costing the party £416,000, some of which will not be paid until next year. Meanwhile, the party will be forced to reduce the numbers of staff – and does not even have the cash for redundancy payments!

It wasn't until December 1980 that the NEC set up a Fundraising Committee, which took two years to recommend the appointment of a full-time fund raiser. The committee discovered that there is no consistent record kept of donations received at Walworth Road and no attempt to build up a supporters' list to whom special appeals can be addressed. Computers are being used by at least one current leadership contender to keep track of his votes, but the national party has only one antiquated machine to keep track of its money.

The Joint Study Group pinpointed the fundamental problem of party organisation. The people who get elected to the NEC are not there because of their desire, or ability, to run an effective party. The Treasurer is not elected for an ability to deal with the deficit. But, unless the new NEC and the new party leader dedicate themselves to the task of building a streamlined campaigning machine, no amount of rhetoric will stem Labour's continuing decline. □

PRIVATISATION

Costly contracts

John Rentoul reports on union disagreements

NEATLY TIMED for after the general election, the announcement of the privatisation of school cleaning in Birmingham and Dudley, nearly provoked concerted strike action in defence of the cleaners. In the end it has resulted only in bitterness and recriminations between the two main unions involved, NUPE and the General, Municipal and Boilermakers.

The Conservative council in Dudley announced on 21 June that cleaning services in all the borough's schools were being given to three private contractors. NUPE official Geoff Poxon discovered the council's intentions in advance and called his members out on strike the day before. But the strike collapsed, amid accusations from the GMB that Poxon had 'jumped the gun', and retorts from NUPE and the teachers' union that the GMB had 'stitched them up'.

A week later, neighbouring Birmingham council, also run by the Tories, announced that the cleaning of 50 of its biggest schools would be taken over by Servisystem, a Danish-owned office cleaning and security firm. Contracts for the cleaning of the city's remaining 450 schools will be put out to tender shortly.

In Birmingham, as in Dudley, 700 cleaners face redundancy, although some of them will be re-hired at lower rates of pay. Again, as in Dudley, the unions are divided over how best to fight privatisation. The difference is between the 'new-style' unionism of NUPE – ideological, campaigning and left-wing – and the 'old-style' unionism of the GMB – pragmatic, negotiable and right-wing.

In Birmingham, NUPE refused to have anything to do with the in-house tender – the council's Education Department offered to cut the workforce by 26 per cent and increase productivity to compete with the private contractors. NUPE opposes privatisation in principle and sees its role in the context of a broader fight against Conservative policy, whereas the GMB, which agreed in principle to the in-house tender in Birmingham, sees its role as looking after the immediate interests of its members. It has concentrated on securing the best possible redundancy terms and is already looking to represent the workforces of the private contractors.

In part the differences are those between public and private sector unions. In the West Midlands, NUPE, the National Union of Teachers and NALGO have campaigned vigorously and jointly against privatisation in local government, education and the health service. A series of videos for NALGO's 'Put People First' campaign was made at the Trade Union Resource Centre in Birmingham, for example, although in Dudley the Tory council has succeeded in driving a wedge between NUPE, representing the lower-paid employees, and NALGO, representing the officers. Together with the NUPE-GMB split, this has neutralised effective opposition to the council's cost-cutting programme. In Birmingham, where NALGO has remained strongly opposed to the council's efficiency review, the council has been forced to tread more carefully.

The GMB and the TGWU, on the other hand, represent the 'old-style', private sector unions and have responded pragmatically when privatisation has been seen as inevitable. For one thing, they can hope to retain or even increase membership once services have been transferred to the private sector, whereas NUPE is prevented by its own rules from having members outside the public sector. (NALGO has recognised this problem and this year changed its rules to allow recruitment of contractors' employees.)

The GMB, whose membership in the West Midlands is industrially based, has suffered a drastic decline in the number of members over the past four years, which has brought it into increasing conflict with NUPE in the competition to enrol the council's manual employees. This means that joint action to defend Birmingham's school cleaners is unlikely. The privatisation was announced two weeks ago and the two unions have not yet met to discuss their approach. It looks increasingly unlikely that any decisive steps will be taken in advance to prevent the privatisation of cleaning in the rest of the schools.

Ironically, the most effective opposition to privatisation in Birmingham and Dudley is coming from Price Waterhouse, the accountancy firm hired as cost-cutting consultants by both councils. They are baffled by the way in which privatisation is seen as a virility index by Tory councillors and point out that it is almost always cheaper and more efficient to use direct labour. In the whole of Dudley they have so far only recommended privatising school cleaning. In Birmingham, where they have only so far done a review of the social services department, they have not recommended privatising anything.

As Tory councillors ponder Price Waterhouse's advice, they might also like to consider recent developments in Wandsworth, the Tory borough which privatised refuse collection last September. There the GMB and NUPE took the contractors, Grandmet, to the Central Arbitration Committee under the Fair Wages Resolution and won their case. The Fair Wages Resolution, which will be abolished by Norman Tebbit on 21 September, is designed to prevent employers cutting wages in order to compete for government contracts and is actually written into the 'standing financial instructions' of all local authorities – and therefore applies to all their contracts. NUPE hoped to do the same for Birmingham's school cleaners, in the few remaining weeks that the Fair Wages Resolution still has to run. □

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DIARY

Brian Sedgemore

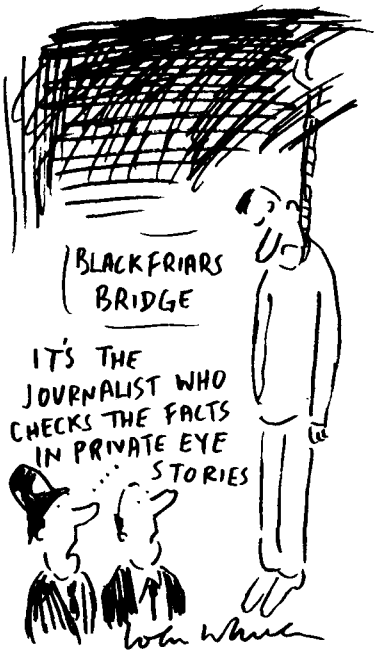
It seems that not only civil servants and Secretaries to the Cabinet falsify the record when they write the minutes of meetings. For the published minutes of the last PLP meeting made no mention of the important row that took place. It was begun by Dale Campbell-Savours who demanded to know why the Front Bench had put only a two line Whip on the debate on those Clauses in the Finance Bill which gave £260 million tax relief to the top 3 per cent of income earners in the UK at a time when some of those at the bottom of the pile are about to become the victims of further cuts in services. Barely controlling his anger, Deputy Chief Whip Walter Harrison replied that three line Whips were useless because Labour MPs no longer obeyed them. 'They say they're in their constituencies campaigning,' he added scornfully. Titters all round. 'I should have had 200 MPs here the other night. There were 69 present.' As ever, Walter's right. The whipping system has broken down because the PLP has abolished the pairing system. That means that it's now left entirely to the consciences of MPs whether they turn up to vote and most of them are far too busy to take cognisance of those. So turnouts in the division lobbies are ludicrously low. Thus, in the division on the Housing Bill on which the Tories had a three line Whip (and in which Margaret Thatcher found time to vote), there should, since there were no pairs, have been 209 Labour MPs in the Lobby. 138 turned up. Among the absentees were the 'gladiatorial four' Neil Kinnock, Roy Hattersley, Peter Shore and Eric Heffer, as well as a gaggle of 'golden oldies' which included Michael Foot, Merlyn Rees and Denis Healey. It's no wonder that, frustrated and exhausted, Chief Whip Michael Cocks is absent with what is being described as 'flu.

○

Many Labour MPs, myself included, actively opposed and still continue to oppose expulsions from the Party on the grounds that it doesn't need a thought police to purify it. Members of the Militant Tendency with whose views and style most of us disagree have been the main beneficiaries of our campaign against the witch-hunt. Now, Militant's responded by kicking us in the teeth. The row which is just beginning to surface concerns the refusal of Militant leaders to call on their candidates for the constituency section of the NEC at this year's Conference (Terry Fields and Pat Wall) to stand down in favour of the left-wing slate. Neither Terry nor Pat can possibly get on the NEC this year but, if they stand for election, they could wreck the chances of Norman Atkinson and Michael Meacher getting on to the NEC by splitting the Left vote. More important, they could wreck the chances of the Left regaining overall control of the NEC. There are no doubt many good reasons for Militant to act as they are doing, but several MPs I've spoken to have accused them of putting self-interest before working-class solidarity.

○

Tony Blair, the new and able MP for Sedgefield who destroyed Les Huckfield's dream of remaining in Parliament in perpetuity, is a constituent of mine in Hackney. When I went round to his next-door neighbour for cocktails on Sunday, I was glad to be told that Tony was in Sedgefield looking for a house. Just now, he's walking around Parliament with the kind of nervous twitch that used to afflict RAF navigators in the Second World War and which comes from constantly having to look over your shoulder to see where the enemy is. Re-selection is still two years off so naturally Tony was taken aback to see Les sharing a public platform with him in Sedgefield. It was a pity that Tony didn't see that, in addition to Les, Denis Skinner was also present. Les is a pigmy compared to Denis and Denis, a miner himself, knows how to inspire other miners better than anyone else in Britain. So it was a terrible mistake for the agitated



Tony to begin his speech by declaring that the Labour Party couldn't hope to win elections in the future if they were represented by MPs who kept repeating 'the slogans they were taught on their grannies' knees'. Denis responded in *his* speech by reminding Tony that, in the mining villages where he came from – and he had no doubt that it was the same in Sedgefield – the slogans that they'd all been taught on their grannies' knees were what some people liked to refer to as 'principles. And there's no shame in sticking to them'. When Denis sat down the cheers could be heard in the next constituency. Still, my bet is that Tony will get over this initial setback and will remain the MP for Sedgefield for decades to come.

○

Every Diarist knows about the loneliness of the long distance runner and since I've been writing this diary, the silence that comes from losing one's friends. What worries me is not the fact that I've been sent to Coventry by a few of the mediaeval puritans from the ranks of the PLP. It's Walter (Harrison) who's caused the upset. Although we didn't always agree politically, I liked to think I understood Walter. So far as I was concerned, Walter's whisper was his bond. I really thought he meant it when he hinted that he'd fix me up with a decent office. Imagine therefore my grief when I went round to see it last week, only to be told by an embarrassed official that the room was occupied by secretaries. 'There's been a mistake,' he said. On the basis that mistakes can be rectified, I suggested he go back to Walter and the Sergeant-at-Arms. This he did and, almost immediately, I was allocated another room in the Norman Shaw North building. On inspection, this turned out to be the kitchen. On this basis nobody other than the extremely brave can be expected to continue writing the Diary.

ROGER WODDIS

Humane killers

The House assembles on the crucial day,
The eager members hurry in from tea,
The mildest want the murderer to pay,
But turn their backs upon the gallows-tree.

Some more humane deterrent could be planned,
Since hanging, though well-merited, appals:
Perhaps garrotting by a kindly hand,
Or hurling from the summit of St Paul's.

Full many a means, besides the guillotine,
Would teach potential killers to beware;
Full many a way would not be thought obscene,
From death by gassing to the frying chair.

Perhaps by poison or the firing-squad,
Perhaps a ritual burning at the stake,
The miscreant would go to meet his God,
Bemused by drugs but perfectly awake.

Far from the decencies of daily life,
Where proper forms of terror merit praise,
Reformed by cyanide, syringe or knife,
He'd learn the senseless error of his ways.

The abolitionist, too blind by far,
Who has the nerve to swim against the tide,
Will not acknowledge how humane they are,
The patrons of Judicial homicide.

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FOREIGN NEWS: NIGERIA

Ballot boxing

As Nigeria prepares for its elections, Suzanne Cronje reports on the parties and the international implications

'AT LEAST HALF OF THESE people work for intelligence agencies,' my Nigerian friend said, pointing at the crowded bar. Most of the customers in the airconditioned room were white and talking animatedly to each other. 'They swap information on what this or that minister or official has been doing. Then they put their own assessment on it and it becomes an intelligence report.'

Such information was not even first-hand, but derived from the expatriate business community, whose daily contact with Nigerians is supposed to endow it with political insight. 'They don't believe what Nigerians tell them directly, unless it confirms what they have already heard.' My friend thought that they found it all too complicated – and who could blame them? I remember how angry Harold Wilson was supposed to have been when the January 1966 military coup took place four days after he had been in Lagos, without any inkling in London that anything might be amiss.

If little has changed in the quality of foreign intelligence gathering in Lagos, the number of agents has certainly increased, particularly in recent months. Preparations for the August elections – five separate ballots – have been going on for almost a year, and the economic crisis resulting from Nigeria's dwindling oil earnings has left its main trading partners uncertain about their prospects in this largest and most burgeoning African economy.

Britain in particular has much at stake. Nigeria is its third most important export market, after the EEC and North America. The 1982 austerity measures already reduced British exports by 20 per cent – but they still totalled £1,200 million. This year they will be down even more, but what is even more worrying for London is the pressure on President Shagari's government from influential Nigerian quarters to drop oil prices even further, to below the OPEC levels agreed in March. As Britain's and Nigeria's oil are of very similar quality, any move by Lagos to undersell the North Sea product would be a serious blow to the Thatcher government, which, in the name of the free market, prevented Britain from entering into any price agreements with oil countries.

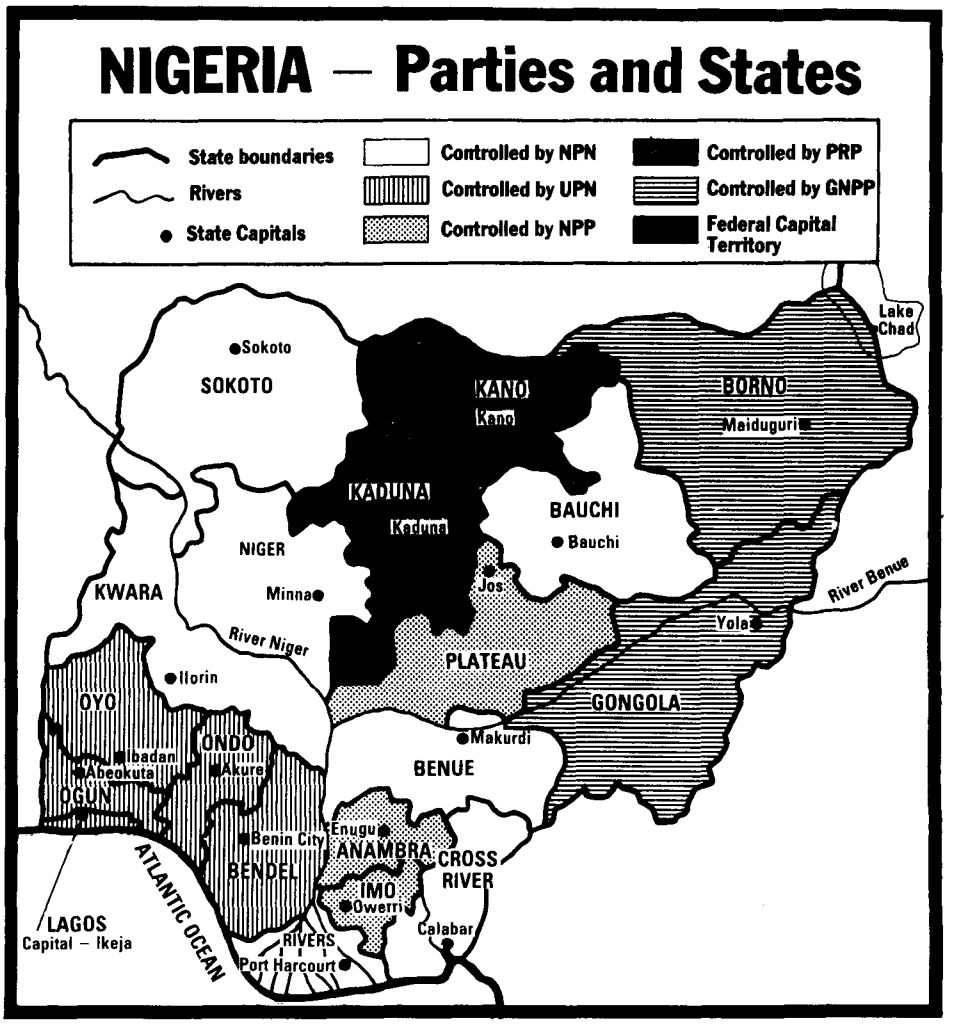
President Shagari's austerity measures have reduced foreign imports and postponed a number of important development projects, but the new steel industry – the largest industrial development in black Africa – has been left untouched. This month, the first stage of the £3,000 million Soviet-built Aladja Steel Complex is being inaugurated on schedule – despite persistent Western reports that it had run into trouble and would not meet its target. It is at the heart of Nigeria's industrial take-off programme, a fact which features largely in the current election campaign.

PRESIDENT SHAGARI'S National Party of Nigeria (NPN) is conservative in that it favours free enterprise and foreign investment. When it was elected in 1979, there were hopes in the West that it would reverse the indigenisation policy of its military predecessors. Indigenisation meant bringing foreign investments either under Nigerian government, or private sector control; but, in the Nigerian context, this effectively means state ownership. Private business in Nigeria has not the means or the know-how to take over major enterprises, and Shagari has no plans to relinquish control over key industries.

All the same, an interesting British attempt to mobilise Nigerian businessmen against state ownership in their country was recently launched by Sir Walter Goldsmith, of the London-based Institute of Directors, who arrived in Lagos in May to set up a Nigerian branch of his organisation. Much was said at the inaugural meeting about the government's role 'to rule effectively and not to get involved in business' and about its 'unwholesome incursion into the private sector'. But to privatise (or reverse the indigenisation decree) would in practice mean handing the economy back to foreign interests – a motive which nobody in Lagos would attribute to Sir Walter. Certainly, such a move would be so unpopular that no Nigerian politician has advocated it – with one possible exception: the former Biafran leader, Odumegwu Ojukwu.

Ojukwu returned to Nigeria last year from his Ivory Coast exile. In January, he joined the NPN with much ceremony. He did so, he said, to help 'my people' (the Ibos, whom he led in the secession attempt) to regain their rightful place in Nigeria. Since then, he has become a sort of cheerleader in the NPN electoral campaign, starting each meeting with a clenched fist salute and the cry, 'NPN!' – to which the crowd has been drilled to shout back, 'NPN Superpower!' This is supposed to create the right emotional climate for appeals to voters to abandon all false political prophets, and it discourages the discussion of real issues.

Perhaps more seriously, Ojukwu uses the



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NPN platform to launch bitter attacks on his adversaries. Chief Awolowo, now leader of the largely Yoruba United Party of Nigeria (UPN), was Finance Commissioner in the federal government during the civil war; while ex-President Dr Azikiwe, leader of the Nigerian People's Party (NPP), abandoned the Biafran cause half way through. Ojukwu reminds Ibo audiences of these facts with his inflammatory oratory. 'Lest you forget,' he shouts, in a speech about Awolowo. 'Lest you forget, this was the man who introduced the indigenisation policy when we were the destitutes of war and could not benefit thereof . . . This is the father of tribalism in Nigeria, lest you forget . . .'

Ojukwu's leading role in the NPN is not wholly to the liking of Shagari, who agreed to it only on the urging of his advisers. The NPN is the largest party in the National Assembly, but does not have an overall majority. At the beginning of its first term it formed an alliance with the NPP on the federal level, but this collapsed in a cloud of acrimony after little more than a year. As a result, it has been difficult for the federal government to get legislation through the House of Representatives and Senate. Only last month, Shagari failed to get the Assembly to reverse an amendment to his Electoral Act, which required vote counting to take place at the polling stations, instead of the previous practice of transporting ballot boxes to counting centres. The new system should prevent some of the claims of rigging – supposedly through the disappearance of boxes in transit – but it poses enormous security problems. It is evidence, however, that democracy, for the moment at least, is still alive in Nigeria.

TO PREVENT THE difficulties of having to rely on other parties to make federal laws, the NPN has to attract voters from its two main opponents – the UPN and the NPP. The UPN was considered to be too clannish in its party loyalty – hence the idea that Ojukwu might 'deliver' the two Ibo NPP states, Imo and Anambra, to the NPN. It remains to be seen whether the former Biafran leader retains his sway over the Ibos. What is clear, however, is his intention to run for the presidency in 1987, when Shagari's second and last term is over. His right-wing approach has pushed the NPP (which, until recently, was practically indistinguishable from the NPN in its policies) to the left – a shift which coincides with the decision of Abubakar Rimi, until recently Governor of Kano state, to join the NPP together with his followers, and to campaign for the governorship of the state on the NPP platform.

This represents the only real ideological challenge to the NPN. Rimi was one of the founder members of the People's Redemption Party (PRP), which won the two most important northern states, Kano and Kaduna, in the 1979 elections, and – at least in Kano – carried out many of its electoral promises in abolishing oppressive traditional taxes levied by the emirs and in providing health, education and other amenities to the poorest sections. The leader of the PRP, Aminu Kano, a veteran socialist, died a few weeks ago, leaving a vacuum which will be difficult to fill. But even before his death, the PRP had split into three, with the Rimi faction taking out most of the young radicals, while the other two sections wanted, respectively, an alliance with the NPN and complete isolation from other parties. The PRP – what remains of it – will still contest next month's elections on a socialist platform, but its chances of making any impact are remote. Nevertheless, change in Nigeria will eventually come from the north, and it is no coincidence that the religious riots in recent years, which had a strongly egalitarian flavour, centred on Kano.

The other small party, the Greater Nigeria People's party (GNPP), which won Borno and Gongola states, is even more divided that the PRP and large sections of it are likely to vote UPN next month. It was originally a breakaway faction of the NPP and carried no special ideological message.

The UPN, one of the big three, is not socialist in the usual sense, although many of its leaders call themselves socialist, but its programme of free education and health has great attractions, as even NPN politicians have had to admit. While Shagari has belittled some of the school facilities which have sprung up in UPN states, he knows that his own emphasis on the quality rather than the quantity of education does not impress people who want to educate their children but cannot bear the cost. This has emerged as the single most important election issue. In Bendel state, for instance, which has an otherwise very unpopular UPN governor, whose administration is surrounded by rumours and scandal, the same candidates may again be voted in because they increased their primary school intake by 16 per cent and the number of teachers by 34.8 per cent. In another UPN state, Ogun, primary pupil numbers rose by 20 per cent, and the number of teachers by 18.4 per cent. The trouble about the UPN is that, as its distribution shows, it remains primarily a Yoruba party.

THE SOARING commodity prices and shortages resulting from the austerity programme's import controls are, of course, also election issues. The population blames all middlemen and manufacturers for profiteering beyond the bounds of decency (which are somewhat wider than in most other countries) and the NPN accuses its opponents of hoarding for political reasons. A recent allocation of import licences for basic consumer goods, such as tomato paste and detergents, will ease the situation, but its timing makes it a short-lived political bonanza.

Opinion polls are practically impossible to carry out in a country without vital statistics, whose population estimates vary from 80 to 120 million. But a nationwide poll conducted by a Lagos-based firm of management consultants in March and April shows that, while 53 per cent of the 5,000 interviewees approved of Shagari's handling of affairs, only 38 per cent thought much of his ministers and advisers. This is also the impression given by most people in Lagos, but Shagari should have little trouble in being elected.

Unfortunately, the losers in Nigerian elections do not as a rule accept the result as being fair. They were forced to do so in 1979 because the elections were still conducted by the military administration. President Shagari is against the use of the army during the elections and its aftermath, but the 90,000 policemen may not be able to control up to 50 million voters, particularly if the counting of votes is distributed over such a large and diffuse area. Besides, campaign violence has already exceeded the more pessimistic forecasts.

If the army has to be called in to maintain law and order, will it quietly return to barracks afterwards? If not, will the prayers of many young Nigerians for 'another Rawlings' (the radical leader in Ghana) be rewarded? In view of Nigeria's international importance, these questions are being seriously debated in most African capitals. □

SRI LANKA

Blood stains

Amrit Wilson on the violent persecution of the Tamils

'I FLED WITH MY three-month-old baby in my arms . . . 600 people, thugs from the Sinhalese village nearby, came to attack us with swords and petrol bombs; they robbed us of everything we had and burnt our houses. The police just watched; they did nothing to help us . . . For a long time we were destitute without food or shelter. Then we came here to settle.'

Pushpa is a Tamil tea plantation worker who, like hundreds of others, fled north for safety during the 1979 spate of anti-Tamil violence in Sri Lanka. When she spoke to me in February 1981, she was living and working in a collective farm run by Gandhiyam (a Tamil organisation dedicated to Gandhi's principles of non-violence) near the town of Vavuniya. Farming meant reclaiming the thick Sri Lankan jungle. There was no electricity, no drinking water even; but there was hope.

On the morning of 16 November 1981, that hope was shattered. Two army trucks full of soldiers smashed through the gates of the farm, while about a thousand other soldiers surrounded the area. A Gandhiyam volunteer was dragged out, beaten up and taken away for interrogation. His testimony of torture now appears as one of a number of stark accounts, without name or background, in Amnesty International's report on Sri Lanka published last week.

'At about 11 pm we arrived at Gurunagar Army Camp in Jaffna. . . They inserted needles in the muscles of my arms and under my finger nails. They also pierced the un-

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dersides of my arms. They took a thread which they put under the tendon and pulled it through backwards and forwards while asking me questions about terrorist leaders, who they were and where they were.'

Later, he was placed on a platform with his torso hanging over and beaten with a heavy pipe on the soles of his feet. People in civilian clothes stood by watching. Tortures of various kinds went on for ten days. Then, an army captain told him, 'We took you in custody on suspicion. Now we find you are innocent so you can go.' But he was unable to walk.

Before he was finally released, he was forced to sign a statement. He does not know whether it was in English or Sinhala. But it was not in Tamil and he does not know what was in it.

Sri Lanka has three main communities: the Sinhalese majority; the Ceylon Tamils; the Tamil plantation workers. Anti-Tamil violence in Sri Lanka has been compared to racism in Britain, but politically it is very different. In Sri Lanka (or Ceylon as it then was) the British followed their usual policy of favouring the smaller community when recruiting their petty officials. Jealousies between Tamils and Sinhalese were carefully nurtured until lasting divisions had been established, out of which the successive governments of neo-colonial Sri Lanka have developed a modern version of anti-Tamil communalism. This is aimed at denying Ceylon Tamils certain education facilities; at making it difficult for them to get government jobs; at establishing Sinhala Buddhist cultural supremacy.

HOWEVER, UNDER the Jayawardene régime (which began in 1977), anti-Tamil communalism has reached new heights, because it has been manipulated directly through the Sinhalese army and police force and through the use of hired thugs like those described by Pushpa. In fact, while the Jayawardene régime has transformed a parliamentary democracy (of sorts) into a dictatorship with few welfare provisions, it has turned the north and east, where Tamils are in the majority, into areas under army occupation where arrest, torture, arson, rape, mutilation and death are everyday occurrences.

The Amnesty Report deals with only 50 such cases – in most of which people were tortured while being held under Sri Lanka's Prevention of Terrorism Act. This PTA is based on the British law, but is far harsher. It allows detainees to be held for up to 18 months merely on suspicion; establishes special courts without juries or the power to grant bail, and sentences of a minimum of five years and maximum of life. It creates new offences such as trivial damage to government property (a street sign, for example, or a government poster) and allows confessions made under torture, or by people since dead, to be used as evidence. Since 4 June, new legislation (under the Public Security Act) allows the armed forces to dispose of dead bodies without post mortem.

Who are the 'terrorists' at whom these laws are aimed? A trial due to start on 6 June, postponed to 22 June, postponed again to August, is that of Nirmala Nithiyanathan, feminist writer and critic. Arrested under the PTA with five other Tamils (including two priests) in November 1982, Nirmala has been held since then in army camps, mainly in solitary confinement, and been forced to sign a confession. Her case is now a focus of protest. In Jaffna, her home town and the second largest town in Sri Lanka, tension has, in any case, been high since summer 1981. There have been sporadic killings of Sinhalese government officials and policemen by the Tamil Liberation Tigers.

Kanagaratna Visvajothiratnan was a Tamil. His case is one of the many reported by Amnesty International, who claim that he died after being tortured by the Sri Lankan security forces.

But, according to Rajeswari Balasubramaniam of the Tamil Women's League (a group based in Britain and concerned mainly with human rights), 'The terrorism people fear is that of the army and the police . . . Jaffna used to be a beautiful city – there were temples, bookshops, sari emporia, a library with priceless manuscripts . . . The library was burned down in 1981 . . . Nearly a thousand people are homeless. The streets are spattered with blood stains . . . Nirmala is a feminist, she believes women must be the prime movers in changing society. But, in Sri Lanka, feminism has a different meaning. All over the country, women are being exploited, but Tamil women also face the army and the police. 'For us, the issue is not sexuality, it is survival. In every lane, at every corning there is a Sinhalese soldier with a gun. Women walk in fear of rape or mutilation and, if you stay at home, at anytime there can be a knock on the door.'

Families with teenage children live in fear. At any excuse, or with no excuse, they can be taken away or shot dead in front of their parents. On 30 May of this year, Sabratnam Palinivel, a young man returning home after taking his elderly parents to visit a relative, was dragged into an army camp and shot dead. An army truck was driven over his body. On 15 June, another youth, Yogarajah, returning home after decorating his friend's house for a wedding, was shot dead by an army patrol. His body was taken away by the soldiers. Sometimes, bodies are just found on railway tracks or deserted ground. Because of such incidents (which happen almost every day in some town or village in the north and east), what started off as a demand for a separate nation (Tamil Eelam) by the Tamil Tigers has become a struggle which has engulfed the people.

Apparently fearing that this resistance may spread to the rest of the country, Jayawardene is now trying to seal off the horrors of the north and the east from the rest of Sri Lanka. People in the south simply don't know what is happening. The two main northern papers, the English-language *Saturday Review* and the Tamil *Suthantiran* (Freedom) have been closed down. Petrol is being strictly rationed and the rumour is that even bicycles are to be banned. Last week, the Colombo to Jaffna express was destroyed, reportedly by 'terrorists'. It is widely believed to be the work of government agents.

Meanwhile, in Sinhalese majority areas in the south, repression is increasing, too, and it is being used to back up the worst economic exploitation Sri Lanka has seen in decades; and it is the women who are suffering perhaps most acutely. Tea is still the core of the economy, but, since 1977, there have been a number of new developments. In the guise of improving irrigation through the gigantic Mahaweli Development Scheme (financed by the World Bank), the government is taking away the land of poor peasants and handing it over the multinationals such as British American Tobacco and Guthries.

Some peasant women join Sri Lanka's labour export to the Middle East; others go to the garment factories and assembly plants of Sri Lanka's Free Trade Zone. Here, foreign investors can do what they like. No labour laws apply, overtime is compulsory and relative wages are even lower than in Hong Kong or the Phillipines. In one recent strike at Polytex garment factory, women strikers were threatened with shooting by the police if they did not return to work. (They refused and eventually won the strike.)

This is what the Jayawardene régime means for ordinary Sinhala workers and peasants. Not surprisingly, trade unionists in the south fear that it may only be a matter of time before army rule extends to the whole country – that the PTA today being used against a generation of youth in the north could be used against organised workers in the south tomorrow. □

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PLO

Bones of contention

Julie Flint traces Arafat's loss of control

Beirut

IN THE PAST week, loyalists in Tripoli, Yasser Arafat's short-lived headquarters in northern Lebanon, have printed hundreds of posters showing the PLO chairman smiling down over the words: 'Symbol of unity'.

And so, for some 15 years, he was – never more so than in the year preceding the Israeli invasion of Lebanon, when, doggedly pursuing his search for a peaceful settlement to the Palestinian question, he succeeded, by and large, in getting all eight groups within the PLO to observe the South Lebanon ceasefire negotiated through US auspices in July 1981.

A year after the Israeli invasion, it is doubtful whether Arafat will be able to re-emerge as leader of a united PLO. His own guerrilla group, Fatah, the original PLO group and by far the largest, is at war within itself. Syria, the original sponsor of the Palestinian revolution and the only front-line country that now accepts a significant Palestinian military presence (however circumscribed), seems to have reached the decision that Arafat cannot be made an extension of the régime and must therefore be finished off – politically, if not physically. The more radical PLO groups have openly challenged, for the first time, Arafat's competence to lead the Palestinian movement.

It was a monumental blunder by the PLO chairman that brought the long-simmering tensions within Fatah into the open, early in May. The promotion of two discredited, but 100 per cent loyal Fatah commanders – Abu Hajim (the general in charge of southern Lebanon when Israeli tanks crunched across the border on 6 June, 1982) and Haj Ismael, in command of the town of Sidon – were 'an insult to patriotic feelings', the Fatah rebels said in their first communiqué. The two men are said to have retreated from their posts in the early hours of the invasion.

Even Arafat's closest aides have trouble justifying the appointments. They hark back to Haj Ismael's debut as a guerrilla, when he walked from South Jordan to South Lebanon to join Fatah, and to Abu Hajim's early record as an officer. They even suggest, half-heartedly at best, that Arafat promoted the two men to identify the opposition he knew to be brewing in Fatah after the defeat in Lebanon – and to take it on. If this is the case, and it seems highly improbable, it was another blunder.

The dissatisfaction with Arafat has widespread and deep roots and goes back at least a decade – to 1974, when Arafat first espoused the notion of a Palestinian mini-state on the occupied West Bank and Gaza Strip, relinquishing his claim to the whole of Palestine. Abu Musa, who left his post as deputy chief in the PLO operations room in Damascus to set up a headquarters at Hammara, in the Eastern Bekaa, says the West Bank state is the rebels' 'main difference' with Arafat. Now, Arafat's unrelenting quest for a peaceful settlement (that a growing number of Palestinians believe is doomed) has led to his withdrawal from Beirut; his absence from the Bekaa for almost nine months; his vain efforts to find some form of accommodation, via Jordan, with President Reagan's peace plan; and the virtual cessation of armed struggle against the Israel that watched the Sabra and Shatila massacres through binoculars.

Inside Fatah, the rebels charge, Arafat has allowed bureaucracy and corruption to run rampant while running a one-man show in essential matters of policy. In their first communiqué early in May, issued in the name of Asifa, Fatah's military wing, the rebels set the high moral and ideological tone of their protest that places it apart from

Steve Mendelson

earlier fights within Fatah. They denounced the 'squandering of funds on frivolous festivals and meetings that have no purpose, the deliberate rending of the unity of Fatah, deviationism and defeatism'. Instead of consultations at all levels to 'absorb the lessons' of the war in Lebanon, they were 'astonished at the headlong plunge into a vortex of (peace) plans', at meetings with 'self-professed Zionists' and new contacts with the Egypt of Camp David.

IN THEIR THIRD communiqué, with no reaction yet from the leadership of Fatah, they cast the first stone against Arafat personally, declaring that 'our action aims to make the organisation the leading organisation, not the organisation of the leader'.

Arafat's reply can only have confirmed the rebels in their opposition to him: the dissidents, he said, were 'a handful of officers', aided by Libya and the international Palestinian terrorist Abu Nidal. Their rebellion had been grossly exaggerated by the media, especially by the BBC, 'whose new director is a Zionist – as everyone knows'.

On 21 May, the central committee of Fatah met in the Bekaa Valley town of Shtaura to seek a solution to the rebellion. Dozens of teenage gunmen milled around the dirty, down-at-heel building, one bopping to imaginary music, another prodding a toddler in the stomach with his submachine gun. Arafat himself looked exhausted and out-of-temper. 'Everything is all right,' he said sternly: 'You are paying too much attention to this small matter. You are not a member of my military council.'

The rebels rejected the compromise worked out at that meeting – a compromise that put their five leaders at Arafat's 'disposition' but, at the same time, in the ambiguous Arafat fashion, appeared to revoke the promotions of Abu Hajim and Haj Ismael.

Fifteen days later, on 4 June, the two Fatah factions clashed for the first time in the Bekaa Valley, setting Palestinian against Palestinian in a way that had not been seen since Arafat assumed the chairmanship of the PLO in 1968. Staff at the Al-Ahli hospital in the middle of the battlefield, a few miles west of the ancient city of Baalbeck, said Arafat loyalists sought the quarrel, led personally by Abu Hajim. When the battle was over and the loyalists had been driven back, the rebels, a stern, soldierly group of youths, showed no sign of elation. 'Arafat tried to explode the situation,' said Lt. Col. Ziad el-Zughayar, the local rebel leader. 'He failed.'

IT IS BEYOND dispute that Syrian troops did nothing to help the rebels to victory in this first battle. Six weeks into the Bekaa fighting, with the loyalists driven half-way back across the valley floor, the rebels enjoy the benevolent neutrality of the Syrians – sometimes complaining that the Syrian troops in the valley actually hinder them, sometimes getting a helping hand from their tanks.

On 24 June, ten months after Arafat was driven out of Beirut, and 24 hours after he accused the Syrian army of 'preparing a new Sabra and Shatila' in the Bekaa valley, the PLO chairman was ignominiously bundled aboard a scheduled flight for Tunis – expelled from Syria and cut off from the mass of his fighters in the Bekaa. It was another, disastrous blunder, and one that Arafat quickly sought to remedy. He silenced his criticism of Syria and sent a mediation team to Damascus. To no avail: Syrian President Hafez Assad refused to meet the mediators.

With Syria now warning that it will 'support all the just and national demands of the reformers', Arafat seems at a loss for his next move. His confusion and desperation were made very clear last week when he 'offered' to withdraw from the Bekaa 'to avoid further' clashes. Aides say privately this was a 'threat against Syria', to force the Fatah conflict to a quick conclusion so that Damascus 'can have us in its pocket and impress the United States when the bargaining over Lebanon begins.' But the threat also widened Arafat's credibility gap with the rebels, who are convinced that Israel, demoralised and vulnerable in Lebanon, has

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never before been so open to attack.

PLO officials in Tripoli say they 'are ready all the time' to kiss and make up with Syria, but they see no sign of Syria relenting. 'Hafez Assad has been waiting 10 years for this', says one of Arafat's closest confidants. 'He hates him more than he hates Menachem Begin.'

Sooner or later, loyalists believe, the fighting in the Bekaa will resume (increasingly manipulated by Syria) and will continue until there is a clear winner. That winner is unlikely to be Arafat, for the chances of a reconciliation with the rebels look slim. 'We are still waving the olive branch, the symbol of peace,' Arafat, courageous in his convictions whatever his frailties, told a peace conference in Prague on 25 June, 'and we always will.'

'No reconciliation, no recognition, no negotiation,' replied Abu Musa. 'A Palestinian state in the whole of Palestine.' □

TURKEY

Generals' assembly

Claudia Wright investigates the secrets of US-Turkish military planning

Washington

NO ONE IN WASHINGTON takes seriously the Turkish government's claim to have been chasing 'bandits' during the invasion of northern Iraq which began on 26 May.

US officials admit that the attack – which deployed helicopter gunships, mountain artillery and two brigades of special troops flown from Turkish bases 1,000 kilometres from the Iraqi border – had been planned for several months. US officials also believe that Ankara timed the move to coincide with the arrival in Turkey of the United States' leading soldier, General John Vessey, chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. The big question is what the Turkish operation is meant to signal – and what do Vessey and the Turkish generals have up their sleeves for the future?

Officials who drafted a State Department notice on 6 July defending 'Turkish government statements that the incursion was to end bandit activities along the border for the past several years' are desperately anxious to avoid offending Ankara or blowing the cover on current US-Turkish military planning. It is a mark of the rapid turnover in the State Department that those who drafted the statement didn't notice the irony of calling 'bandits' the very same Kurdish guerrillas whose presence in Iraq the US had covertly financed between 1960 and the end of the Kurdish war in 1975.

It is an irony of another kind that the Senate staff man who used to be the Kurdish guerrillas' staunchest advocate in Washington during the 1970s, Richard Perle, was in Ankara on 27 June to assess what the operation had accomplished and consider the next steps to be taken. Now assistant Secretary of Defense, Perle was in Turkey for the semi-annual session of the US-Turkish 'High Level Group'.

HE followed by a few days the visit to Turkey of Henry Kissinger and former Senator Abraham Ribicoff. Kissinger, the Turkish press reported, was being paid to visit by a group of Turkish businessmen and by a US aircraft manufacturer. (He claimed that he and Ribicoff had come to watch Turkish soccer matches.) Kissinger flew in hard on the heels of Vice-Admiral William Rowden, commander of the US Sixth Fleet, who was reportedly negotiating for Turkey to permit portcalls by nuclear-armed aircraft carriers. In Ankara at the same time, but on their way out, were General Bernard Rogers, Commander of NATO forces, Joseph Luns, NATO's Secretary-General, and Admiral William Small, US Commander of NATO forces in Southern Europe. Their visits marked the end of a month-long exercise of American, Turkish, British and other NATO units in what is called the 'Mobile Force' – NATO's version of the American Rapid Deployment Force.

To be sure, Turkey is one of the most hospitable spots in Europe for Western generals – junta member and airforce commander, General Tashin Sahinkaya, reputedly offers spectacular 'cabaret' entertainments. But there is also serious business to attend to.

The Americans are especially keen to reinforce Turkish bases in eastern and southern Turkey, to anticipate the possible outbreak of fighting between Israel and Syria. The Soviet defence of Syria now includes the deployment of radar-surveillance and command-and-control aircraft, with capabilities to match the US-supplied 'Hawkeyes' being flown by Israel and the US AWACS aircraft flying along the Saudi border. The Pentagon has announced that F16 fighter-bombers are being sent to Incirlik, in southern Turkey, only minutes from the Syrian border, and AWACS under NATO command may soon begin to operate from there also.

TO MATCH the Soviet deployment of the aircraft carrier *Novorossiysk*, which entered the Mediterranean on 16 May, the Pentagon has added a second aircraft carrier, the *USS Coral Sea*, which sailed into the Mediterranean on 16 June, joining the *USS Eisenhower*. A major US exercise, 'Bright Star-83', has been announced for 10 August in the eastern Mediterranean, off the Egyptian coast. This will include the *Eisenhower*, AWACS aircraft, airborne units assigned to the Central Command (the new name for the rapid deployment force), along with the *USS Vinson*, based in the Indian Ocean. The message is an unmistakeable one for Moscow: If there is fighting between Israel and Syria, the US will cut off the Syrians and the Soviets in Syria from re-supply from their home base.

So long as the players don't actually go to war and confine themselves to contingency planning and posturing, the Turkish generals intend to exploit the situation for their own agenda. Despite an expensive effort at cosying up to the Washington press corps, they failed to win enough votes in the Republican Senate to stop substantial cuts in US military assistance offered by the Administration in the 1984 budget. In the House, they narrowly evaded passage of an amendment that would have frozen this money until 1986 so long as Turkish troops occupy northern Cyprus, and cut off all assistance after 1986 if they had not been withdrawn by then.

THERE are two other items on the Turkish agenda. The Turks want a free hand from Washington to move back into Iraq (taking control of the oilfields around Kirkuk) in the event that the Baghdad government of Saddam Hussein is toppled. The 26 May invasion caught the Iraqis – as well as the US mission in Baghdad – by surprise. Mid-level US officials haven't considered the possibility of a deep, permanent Turkish move. However, they don't rule out the possibility that this has been discussed and approved higher up.

A top secret plan for an invasion of Iraq, code-named Operation CANNONBONE, was drafted by the US Joint Chiefs of Staff in 1958. Only Soviet threats to intervene on Iraq's side against a US-Turkish move forced Washington to hold back. Two weeks ago, Turkish officials in Ankara were confident enough to say that, in the event of a coup d'état in Baghdad, they would be obliged to intervene. Asked about this threat, US officials decided against issuing a statement to the *New Statesman* on the grounds that whatever they said would signal that Washington was expecting such a move.

At this point, Turkey's interest in increasing US military assistance and planning for an Iraq takeover are publicly acknowledged in Washington. What has so far escaped attention here is the third item on Turkey's agenda – the ambition to develop nuclear weapons.

In 1981, it was disclosed that Turkey and Pakistan were collaborating on acquisition of nuclear weapons technology, with the apparent connivance of the Reagan Administration (*NS* 28 August, 1981). Public disclosure of the arrangements, however, threatened Turkey and Pakistan with a congressional cut-off of US assistance – a powerful sanction contained in provisions of the Arms Export Control Act and the Nuclear Non-Proliferation Act.

In a US Supreme Court judgement, handed down on 24 June, provisions like these were struck down as an unconstitutional encroachment on the President's power. According to Senate and State Department officials, the threat that until now restrained Turkey and Pakistan from pursuing nuclear weapons was eliminated by the court decision. If the Turkish generals can keep their nuclear arms trafficking secret, they will find that the Reagan Administration has already closed its eyes. □

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LETTERS

Doctors and patients

Dr N. W. Goodman, Bristol

Mr G. F. Newman (*NS* 1 July) does the cause of improving patient-doctor relationships no good by painting a picture in black and white when in reality it should be in shades of grey. He is correct, of course, that some doctors communicate poorly, perform needless operations, make poor clinical decisions that pass uncriticised; but there are also doctors who spend many hours explaining treatments and prognoses, make good clinical decisions, and admit their mistakes. There are also good and bad patients, and their role in the relationship cannot just be ignored.

To make unqualified statements such as, 'Medical practitioners have become the willing minions of drug manufacturers', begs the question – 'What axe has Mr Newman to grind?' Some doctors may pay too much attention to the industry; most of the ones I know are healthily sceptical of their claims. Yes indeed, valium withdrawal is a problem; but often patients come to their GP and remain unsatisfied unless they get a prescription – witness the enormous over-prescribing of antibiotics for sore throats.

We need a better understanding that doctors are *not* able to cure all our ills and we could also do without the popular press adding more pressure to prescribe by leaping on any advance reported in the medical journals and announcing it as a new wonder treatment.

Professor W. Walker, Aberdeen

As a senior physician of leftward views, in a profession admittedly conservative in the political sense, I have looked for more than 40 years to your journal for sane and responsible evidence that I was far from being alone in the world. I was therefore more saddened than offended by G. F. Newman's ill-informed, selectively malicious and intemperate assault on doctors and their profession (*NS* 1 July).

What is serious about it is its possibly destructive effect on the credibility of your other contributors, in this and all other issues. I know my profession, with all its manifest failings, as a caring one for the 'whole person', a feature that has become much more rather than less prominent as its science-based power to control disease has advanced. What about other fields where I know little or nothing at first hand? A few pages on, I found Martha Gellhorn's report on El Salvador moving and apparently convincing, evidently a superior job by light years. But is it? Maybe it is simply to provoke, like Newman. If you can con some readers about doctors, maybe you are conning me about El Salvador. Could Reagan be right after all?

A. While FRCS, London N16

It is sad that you saw it as worthwhile to publish an article such as Newman's attack on doctors. It contained such hysterical and unreasoned abuse that I immediately thought of Auberon Waugh's constant, mindless attacks on social workers and teachers in what I am now tempted to regard as your sister publication. Any profession, even journalism, can be abused for its shortcomings, but unless one regards the whole enterprise as being intrinsically worthless, surely the criticism should be constructive.

Unfashionable though it seems to be, I still regard medicine as an honourable and necessary pursuit, and one which on balance does a lot more good than harm. There is a need in this country to open up public debate about the duties and responsibilities of doctors, and there is a need for a better independent complaints procedure. The only alternative seems to be to go the way of America and increase litigation. This is the obvious way to bring doctors to book, but it works directly against what most doctors and patients would prefer to see, and that is a more open and trusting relationship on both sides.

The medical profession should remain self-regulatory in terms of ethics and clinical judgment, but there is a need for greater collective and individual accountability to the public for the decisions taken. Reconciling these two needs is the central problem that Newman doesn't start to approach. The most healthy way for it to change and develop to meet new needs and avoid old abuses is through dialogue with the public. Your article, with its offensive tone and totally unhelpful approach assures that your magazine will not take part in any constructive debate.

Bernard Jones, London W1

At the same time as G. F. Newman's article (*NS* 1 July) comes the news that a British surgeon was so devastated by the lack of pain control when he had a gall bladder operation himself that he is doing something about it (involving continuous dosage by an expensive little pump) for his patients.

There is also news of DHSS suppression of a report on British nutrition versus health, though it is much in tune with Hannah Wright's articles in the *New Statesman*.

Our deal with medicine has not only landed us with such things as thalidomide, which the USA was spared because the Food and Drug Authority wouldn't licence it (while poor countries never aspired to use it anyway). By clearing away other diseases, and doing a corrupt deal with tobacco manufacturers, we have raised our chances of getting cancer considerably, if only in old age when resistances are diminished. The insistence on drugs means that newspapers actually carry articles denouncing vitamines, and people who get depressed and merely need company, or nicotinamide, or calcium lactate, are fobbed off with one of the large class of drugs which leave the patient in more or less of a coma, sufficient to prevent him bothering the doctor again for a bit.

More outrageous than medical manipulation, however, is the authority given to psychologists and psychiatrists. They have never had a discipline as a basis for their practices – look at a library of psychology and you find a mess: who would take the lucrative job or writing a standard multi-volume work on it? A black patient in the US had both legs amputated *against his wishes* on the grounds that his life was threatened – and the bastards got a psychologist to testify that, at 77, the patient did not comprehend the meaning of death. Sociologist and social workers also have power but no academic discipline.

Mark Selinger, Plymouth, Devon

Who is G. F. Newman (*NS* 1 July)? Would you ask him to substantiate his inference that waiting lists are Consultant-made to 'increase their own power and importance'?

This genre of trite criticism has been regurgitated for the last 20 years. Isn't it time that a realistic alternative was suggested? Empty vessels carry the least cargo – Jim Snell.

Labour and gays

Elsa Beckett, London E13

In reply to Dr Oonagh McDonald's letter (*NS* 8 July), even 'young mothers' in the South may have gay sons and daughters, and when, in a few years' time, these children experience discrimination in housing and employment, or are in danger of disablement/death at the hands of 'queerbashers', then these mothers may find the issues of Gay Liberation a teeny bit pressing and relevant and may wish that some political party had taken action earlier. Some of these mothers are, of course, lesbian themselves.

In any case, I haven't noticed the Labour Party as a whole taking that much interest in Gay Liberation.

Bob Cant, London N4

Does Onnagh McDonald (Letters, 8 July) really believe that the London Labour Party's support for gay liberation cost Labour thousands of votes, or is she just using the gay community as a convenient scapegoat?

She must be aware that social pressures in smaller communities often drive lesbians and gay men to London in search of the chance to develop their own lifestyle. The problems facing lesbians and gay men do not, however, disappear on their arrival in London. Lack of housing is a problem not only for heterosexuals; the unemployment situation has greatly increased the power of employers to do as they wish and many simply sack workers for being gay or lesbian; the longstanding problems of anti-gay prejudice have been compounded by the recession.

The GLC and some other Labour councils have recognised that we are an oppressed group and not just an elite clique of antique dealers. They have recognised that we are an invisible section of the Labour movement. By supporting us in our campaign for visibility, they have enabled us to articulate more effectively our grievances about housing, employment, education, the law, commercial exploitation, isolation, etc.

It is, of course, unlikely, that Oonagh McDonald will have heard about many of these problems from her gay and lesbian constituents. 'Tolerant' attitudes like hers will probably have driven them further into the closet, or out of the constituency altogether.

Judges not the answer

Marie Staunton, Legal Officer, National Council for Civil Liberties

The leader in the *New Statesman* (1 July) was a welcome recognition that, in many cases, inquests are an amateurish and ineffectual method of conducting an enquiry into death. Yet we are surprised that the *New Statesman*, of all papers, should uphold the appointment of High Court judges as the solution.

NCCL has observed, recorded criticised the inquest procedure for many years and, together with lawyers with wide experience of

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controversial inquests, we believe that the appointment of High Court judges is a red herring in this debate. Certainly, the procedure for calling witnesses, obtaining police reports and summing up by advocates is ineffective, but it is the *procedure* which should be reformed. Certainly, interested parties cannot afford lawyers for inquests and therefore the provisions of the Legal Aid Act 1974, which will allow legal aid to be granted to relatives, should be implemented. Certainly, the coroner is unable to enquire into more than how, when and where the death occurred.

However, the answer to this is not to appoint a judge but for the coroner to direct that a public inquiry should decide the wider questions of public concern. After all, it may not be until well into an inquest that doubts arise about the conduct of the Special Patrol Group (as in the Blair Peach inquest), for example, or about the rules covering the welfare of people in custody. A wider public enquiry into these matters would not be confined to one particular set of facts and would be able to produce recommendations to safeguard against further deaths.

A call for judges with ill defined powers to conduct inquests in a few well publicised cases runs the risk of creating a two tier system of inquests – the deluxe High Court judge version for well publicised cases and more of the present unsatisfactory system for inquests where there is not a well organised support group or which has not come to the notice of articulate pressure groups.

Peace and the elections

Chris Dillow, Isle of Wight

E. P. Thompson (*NS* 24 June) omits the whole story about the Isle of Wight election result. When he visited the island, he addressed a meeting of 400 CND supporters, yet not once did he refer to Ross's equivocation then. Nor, as a Marxist, did he support, or even mention, the Marxist candidate on the Island. Socialists have often been betrayed by right-wingers in the Labour Party, but to be betrayed by a 'Marxist' is unforgiveable. To aggravate the crime of the local CND, the E. P. Thompson meeting was chaired by Gunter Minnerup, a member of the Ryde Branch Labour Party, who did precisely nothing by way of canvassing, etc, for the Labour Party during the election campaign – so much for commitment to nuclear disarmament.

Of course, in the event, Mr Ross's majority was so large that, if the CND members had voted Labour, the Tory would still have been defeated. If the chairman of CND locally had seen our canvass returns, of course, he would have known that before he cast his vote. As it is, Mr Ross can claim a loud mandate for his probable support for the siting of cruise missiles in Britain – a mandate endorsed by Isle of Wight CND members. So E. P. Thompson's tacit complaint about tactical voting, at least on the Isle of Wight, is, at best, unjustified; and, at worst, sheer hypocrisy.

Ann Holmes, London W2

When I wrote to you in response to E. P. Thompson's article (*NS*, 30 June), I made it clear that, whilst not uncritical of some Labour spokespersons on peace, as a CND activist I was concerned that CND needed to turn a critical eye to its own activities during the General Election campaign.

I accept your right not to have published those parts of my letter. The following week, however, your letter page was headed by a criticism of my response which would fall in the light of remarks I made and you chose to cut. In view of this, I would be grateful if you would publish this letter.

Patronage

David Thomas, London SW2

Your interesting piece about the people working as aides to members of the Shadow Cabinet (*NS* 8 July) overlooked one curious fact – the obscure basis on which these appointments are made. Shadow ministers, whether of the left or the right, invariably forget to advertise these posts.

Some people attribute this lack of openness in appointing to Labour Party posts to natural embarrassment at the meagre salary offered. Others, less charitably, think that it allows shadow ministers a free hand to exercise patronage among the small groups of left London intellectuals and political camp followers.

Whatever the reason, the Shadow Cabinet will no doubt be eager to abandon this archaic system of patronage as soon as possible. After all, they were party to *New Hope for Britain*, with its commitment to 'reform the procedures for appointments to public bodies to ensure they are more open and genuinely representative of the community'. Curiously, though, the campaign document omitted the further point, made in Labour's 1982 Programme, that, because patronage always leads to the 'under-representation of women, ethnic minorities and working people as a whole', positions should be advertised wherever possible.

Whose tactics?

Christopher Huhne, London N1

However much it may massage your demonology, it would be wrong to conclude from Peter Kellner's article (*NS* 8 July) that only – or even mainly – the SDP-Liberal Alliance appealed for a tactical vote. You mention Kingston as a solitary example of Labour doing the same, but I have heard of many similar cases. Certainly, in Reading East, where I stood as SDP candidate, Labour produced local election results for only part of the constituency to argue that it was running second. Yet the result was 27 per cent SDP and 19 per cent Labour. Indeed, I can remember being instructed, not so many moons ago, in a previous incarnation as a Labour canvasser, always to tell Liberal voters that they were wasting their time and should vote Labour to get the Tories out. A little less of this 'holier than thou' attitude and a little more regard for the motes in Labour's own eye might be uplifting.

The sad truth is that the real beneficiary from the tactical vote in the last election was Mrs Thatcher, as was strongly suggested by polls during the campaign and Ivor Crewe's analysis in the *Guardian* afterwards. Over and over again on the doorstep, voters said they would vote for the Alliance but feared letting Labour in. For every vote won tactically by the Alliance from Labour, there were several lost tactically to the Tories. All of which suggests to me that it is about time Mr Kellner drew the logical conclusion from his supposed horror of tactical voting, and advocated an electoral system in which it would be redundant.

New Statesman

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Two plus one doesn't go

Pablo Robertson, University of Edinburgh

Dear me, Anne Smith is not only mixed up but mistaken too (*NS* 8 July). She may have expected the Communist candidate in Edinburgh Central to get only two votes other than her own on 9 June, but considering that the CP have more members than votes in this so-called 'Georgian New Town' constituency, their result was in fact very poor.

This was hardly suprising, since many of the candidate's comrades were astounded and angry at the decision to stand a communist in one of the most marginal Tory/Labour constituencies in the land. As a result, many CP members were to be found in the Labour Party rooms helping to address envelopes.

Moreover, it is doubtful that the other 116 votes were all of a truly 'radical' nature; one poster proclaimed Mr Carson as the 'Edinburgh University Student Parliamentary Candidate' and his main leaflet seemed to urge a fight against Tory attacks on higher education as the priority plank of Communist policies.

During the campaign, the eurocommunist activists backing Mr Carson argued that his candidature was necessary to 'put the arguments', because Labour would fudge their policies in a marginal. The healthy socialist campaign of the good Labour candidate, Richard Kerley, put the lie to that piece of speculation. Perhaps the Communist Party might dwell on that before they court another derisory vote of 118 possible radicals plus Anne Smith.

Kinnock Campaign appeal

Robin Cook MP, House of Commons, London SW1

The current election campaign for the leadership is of vital importance to the twin tasks of forging a determined opposition to the Tories and of building mass support for the election of a Labour government at the first opportunity. However, if the election campaign is to be fought openly at all levels of the movement and in all regions of Britain it will take money to cover postage, phone bills and travel.

Neil Kinnock's campaign has no source of funding outside the Labour movement. We are therefore appealing for donations large and small from individual members or branches who want to see Neil elected as leader. Any donations should be sent to me at the House of Commons and cheques should be made out to the Neil Kinnock Campaign.

It is our intention to publish audited accounts of income and expenditure after the campaign and any surplus will naturally be turned over to Labour Party funds.

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David Caute

All gin and bitters

A History of the Modern World From 1917 to the 1980s
PAUL JOHNSON *Weidenfeld* £16.50

The Johnsonian view of our century is not a celebratory one. The 19th century marked the climax of the precious philosophy of personal responsibility – the joint heritage of Judaeo-Christianity and the classical world. The key concepts, free will and private property, were by the turn of the century under corrosive attack: from nascent corporatism, from the gluttonous state, from Marxism and from the apostles of the subconscious, Proust, Joyce and Freud.

Guilt and moral relativism subverted Western man's moral self-assurance; the effete Bloomsbury group seduced the ruling class from the firm, imperial axioms of Jowett's Balliol. Meanwhile Nietzsche had proclaimed the Death of God and the religious impulse declined 'among the advanced races', leaving a vacuum to be filled by Lenin and the new political messiahs with their 'unappeasable appetite for controlling mankind'. Enter now a mob of attendant evils; collectivism, misery, terrorism, social science, structuralism and Jean-Paul Sartre.

Translated into an operative concept, the great vice of the 20th century has been 'social engineering'. Lenin, Stalin and Hitler were the master engineers, but the concept is generously extended to condemn not only the New Deal, the Welfare State and the Great Society, but also the Shah of Iran's final phase, apartheid and the colonial powers' habit of legally reserving areas of land for whites. All this was 'destructive of the individualistic principle which lies at the heart of the Judaeo-Christian ethic'.

I recall that J. Edgar Hoover frequently employed this beguiling term at American Legion dinners. Whether Calvinistic determinism, or the Jewish sense of a selective destiny, or Luther's case against Erasmus, reinforce 'Judaeo-Christian' emphasis on free will, I doubt. As for individual freedom, one recalls the Inquisition; as for devotion to private property, the Christian Utopians and the socialists of the kibbutzim obviously held an alternative view. But Paul Johnson's galloping argument never stumbles over such obstacles.

His heroes are those who kept the state at bay and fostered 'a society where private arrangements took priority over public, where the family was the favoured social unit and where the voluntary principle was paramount'. Here one recalls that slavery was a Christian institution, although not exclusively so – a 'private arrangement', certainly, but hardly solicitous of the 'voluntary principle' or the welfare of African families. In short, we are invited to forget a good deal as we contemplate the vast Gulag of a Godless world.

Johnson's heroes, Churchill, Adenauer and de Gaulle, are predictable, but this is a history replete with surprises. Apparently Calvin Coolidge was not, as rumoured, asleep or dead in the White House; no, he was practising 'the archaic virtue of *stasis*', of *laissez-faire*. Then along came the meddlers, Keynes and Roosevelt, and down we all go.

Franco is an interesting hero – Paul Johnson cannot be accused of wanting to be loved. The Left, you understand, was entirely responsible for the Spanish Civil War (class struggle means as much to Johnson as the Holy Ghost did to Karl Marx). Franco, a kindred spirit to Wellington, responded with his inbred sense of patriotism and hierarchy (he was *croyant*, too, a good sign). Franco's greatest virtue, perhaps, was that 'he hated politics in any shape'; he therefore spent his 'entire political career seeking to exterminate politics'. I think I know what Mr Johnson means. But when the Civil War was safely won, Franco dealt with his opponents by the 'Christian' method, avoiding 'Leninist excesses'. The reported execution of 193,000 Republicans was an exaggeration, even though 233,375 were admittedly in prison.

Johnson abhors violence, but it is a somewhat selective abhorrence. Slapping a luminous red sticker on to every terrorist outrage, he reveals the KGB, or the Left Bank, as the spider at the heart of the web. Thus the Khmer Rouge fanatics whose blueprint disembowelled the Cambodian nation are described as 'Sartre's children' because they had imbibed the doctrine of 'necessary violence' in Paris. But from Sartre? It's a distinctive feature of New Right essay-writing that the outspoken deliberately topples into the outrageous. Although Johnson sees Marxism and 'moral relativism' at the heart of terrorism, he's not above a little moral relativism of his own. 'Bloodshed was necessary; but Greece was saved for democracy.' We learn that Hiroshima and Nagasaki saved the lives not only of Americans but also of Japanese. As for Lyndon Johnson's moral relativism, it was evidently not relative enough – merely bombing North Vietnam was a 'weak compromise' compared with the necessary American military occupation of the North.

It's interesting how the hard-hat journalists of the Right, particularly the raging converts, discharge dreams of revived ethnic conquest, scalding Western leaders for their flabby accommodations. Thus Richard

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West sends spasms of atavistic joy through the *Telegraph*'s stockbroker belt by imagining Mrs Thatcher's paratroops swooping on Zimbabwe to remove the malign Mugabe. Page 637 of Johnson's book is a protracted scream for the wholesale escalation of the Vietnam war – Apocalypse Then – demanded by 'young white males'. The East Coast media and the insidious liberals who control them are blasted for undermining national resolve. This is the Spiro Agnew view in London prose.

Johnson constantly chides liberal America for losing its nerve and abandoning right-wing dictators like Somoza of Nicaragua, 'a faithful if distasteful ally of the West'. (Moral relativism?) We learn that the 'repressive aspect' of the Pinochet regime is much outweighed by the 'decision to reverse the growth of the public sector . . . and open the economy to market forces'. Criticism of the multinationals is misguided; they are utterly devoted to free competition. As for the CIA, its operations are applauded, Congress's attempt to curb them condemned. Eisenhower 'skilfully presided over the CIA's operations in Iran and Guatemala without any damage to his reputation'. The Greek Colonels, to whom the CIA was so attached, kept the economy booming despite 'occasional' resort to torture.

The Third World is mostly a mess, a plunder-bed for professional politicians. Britain's withdrawal from India was merely one of many abdications. Gandhi, obsessed by his bowel movements, devoted most of his time to munching garlic, embracing a theatrical, phoney poverty and rejecting sex in a way presumably not consistent with Catholic thinking. Gandhi had something in common with Lenin (a religious attitude to politics) and also with Hitler ('sheer crankiness'). And this is supposed to be history.

Ferocious in his attacks, Johnson is also adept at ignoring what he despises. The General Strike of 1926 gets a passing, disparaging reference, the events of May 1968 in Paris are accorded half a sentence, Eurocommunism remains invisible, and Martin Luther King is mentioned only for his 'large-scale womanizing'. I couldn't find CND; perhaps my attention wandered. Yet Johnson supports his long text with a prodigious amount of reading, setting it all down with fine clarity and precision of style. Admittedly he quotes mainly from the sources that suit his purposes – addicts of historical debate must turn elsewhere.

To argue with Johnson would be as futile an endeavour as to engage in fundamental debate with the Ayatollah. Robin Blackburn once traced Johnson's rapid conversion from reactionary radical to radical reactionary, identifying the original compound as 'three parts Fabian tonic water, one part Colonel Blimp's home-brewed gin, a dash of French vermouth and a tincture of Chester-Bellocian bitters'. It's all gin and bitters now. Johnson's fertility and stamina as a writer are no less remarkable than his shameless refusal to discuss why he himself once held the view that 'the Tories . . . are atrophied Englishmen, lacking certain moral and intellectual reflexes'.

What intellectual guidance does he offer us for the future? Get rid of social science, structuralism and all the other faddish isms which obscure man's individual moral responsibility. Love the free market, that immaculately self-regulating synthesis of private and communal interests – as with Hiroshima, those who die on the way will save the lives of others. Take note of the teachings of John Paul II, which means rejecting so-called 'liberation theology' and embracing *religiosidad popular*, 'anti-political, anti-intellectual, spontaneous, devotional, fervent, characterised by the cult of saints, often unofficial ones, relics and shrines'. Heterodox though such cults may be, they are preferable to the activities of the élitist theologians currently engaged in diminishing Christian belief. What the thinking élite should be doing is paying heed to the new 'exact science' of sociobiology, with its promise of a Second Coming of Natural Selection. The key here appears to be 'devotion to one's own genes' and those of kith and kin, the only authentic biological form of altruism. What an interesting Think Tank confidential report that would have made, though only God knows what Jesus would have made of it. □

SPORT
M.H. Ryle

Fun, too

Blowing the Whistle: The Politics of Sport
GARRY WHANNEL *Pluto* £2.50
Short Circuit: Six Months on the Men's Professional Tennis Tour
MICHAEL MEWSHAW *Collins* £10.95 & £5.95
Tinling: Sixty Years in Tennis
TED TINLING *Sidgwick* £8.95

The Puritans, Garry Whannel reminds us, looked askance at sport as a frivolous and ungodly pastime. Any socialist critique of sport risks falling into a similarly moralising vein. The very title of Whannel's book, *Blowing the Whistle*, suggests that something is wrong, and must be put a stop to: time for the Socialist Referee to crack down.

It is traditional, of course, to mock the referee. We must in fairness agree that there are plausible objections, not just to the capitalist organisation of modern spectator sport, but to its very nature: it has a ruthlessly competitive ethos, it fosters nationalism, it may divert people ('bread and circuses') from political struggle, its élitist star system turns most of us into mere admiring bystanders. Even where sporting culture has been progressive, it has kept its unattractive features. Thus, as Ted Tinling reminds us, Billie Jean King has played a role in the American women's movement. Tinling recalls her 1971 public statement that she had had an abortion, her straight-sets defeat of Bobby Riggs in the so-called 'battle of the sexes', the principled frankness with which she confronted the 'scandal' of her lesbian relationship with Marilyn Barnett. Yet when Gladys Heldman set up the Virginia Slims circuit, with King as its top star, the players were not just establishing the right of women to proper recognition in a sport hitherto largely controlled by men. They were also advertising cigarettes, under the slogan 'You've Come a Long Way, Baby'.

There's plenty, then, for us to object to. But objection can only be half the story. We have first of all to recognise the charm of sport, its power to excite and move. A social and historical account of English football is one thing, but the 1983 FA Cup Final was, as they say, something else – especially Gary Stevens's late equaliser for Brighton, and especially, as it happens, for me (among several thousand others), since I've been watching Brighton for 18 years. Maybe it is self-indulgent to recall this (and yes, Brighton did lose the replay 4-0), but the point is a serious one. It's the pleasure principle that takes fans to Wembley. Spectators are indulging a passion, and not falling into some pre-ordained sociological grid.

Whannel's sketch of the evolution of sport is just and informative, if over-general, but his book, with its utilitarian and rather staccato prose, fails to convey much enthusiasm for its subject matter. By contrast, Michael Mewshaw's narrative of six months on the men's professional tennis circuit is not just a good read, though it is that, with its expected but skilfully managed format which mingles reportage of matches, vignettes of people and places, and exposés of corruption. It is also illuminating, in ways that *Blowing the Whistle* cannot be, because it is impassioned. OK, so the circuit is a can of worms: umpires compromised by their dependence on tournament directors, players who 'tank' (deliberately throw matches) so as to be free for a lucrative exhibition later in the week, illegal guarantees offered as appearance money to top stars, drug-taking, 'splitting' of prize money agreed in advance between winner and loser, 'fixing' of exhibitions (the usual deal, apparently, is for one set apiece, followed by 'an honest third'). But *Short Circuit* is memorable less for its investigative revelations than for its graphic evocation of a closed world, like that of cycle sport or chess, moving like a circus from resort to resort, capital city to capital city, retaining the same cast and perpetually enacting the same ritualised dramas.

Beguiled by Mewshaw's account, I briefly fancied myself as one of the game's innumerable hangers-on – the official racquet stringer, perhaps, driving my 25,000 miles a year from tournament to tournament, working like a latter-day reddleman under a canvas awning at the back of a van. Tennis has the fascination of psychological duelling, intensified by a scoring system in which every point must have a winner and a loser, and the players must move, however equally they are matched, towards the inevitability of defeat and victory. Character, or perhaps one should say persona, is thus an integral part of a top player's game. Tinling's book shows that this was as true in the past as it

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has been recently. Resplendent on the jacket in a hideous Savile Row gold lurex tuxedo, Tinling is not an immediately attractive figure (Mewshaw's account of their brief meeting is mutedly sardonic), but his recollections, especially of Suzanne Lenglen, are vivid and sensitive. His book, too, has the manic intensity of obsession, an obsession which has lasted most of a lifetime.

Few of us, of course, would choose to remain for long in any of the closed worlds of sport. Once we step back, we necessarily confront the political questions discussed by Garry Whannel. But if we want to take part in the 'continuing debate' about 'real complexities' that he hopes to initiate, we need, I think, to remember the pleasure and the obsession, and to be very wary of seeing sport primarily as a problem. Sport cannot but reflect the culture of which it is a part (in that sense, it is bound to be 'tainted'), but it does offer quite specific joys of its own. It is a tempting but hazardous subject for political, or puritanical, interventions. □

POLEMIC
Christopher Priest

Sounding off

The Doomed Rebellion
PAUL ABLEMAN
The Retreat From Liberty
MICHAEL MOORCOCK *Zomba* £2.25 each

Men who profess liberal views on the subject of feminism should be regarded with distrust by women. This generalisation includes at least one of the authors of these two books, as well, probably, as the writer of this review. Men born in the West before about 1970 have been conditioned from early childhood to assume the responsibilities of male superiority. One of the unheralded victories of the women's movement is the way in which large numbers of men (mostly middle class) have learned to act as if they have *not* been conditioned, but this is the result of conscience and behaviour modification, not of fundamental reversals of conditioning.

The extreme example of the male with modified behaviour and a guilty conscience is the man who styles himself a feminist. ('Paid-up, card-carrying feminist' is the American variant.) Such a man is in roughly the same position as the general who claims to be a pacifist: the sentiment accords with liberal thinking and is better than nothing, but it contains an inherent contradiction, one that leads to suspicion. Women can and should be feminists; that is their prerogative. Men can and should be feminist sympathisers, but in the end this is all they can be. The struggle for freedom is initially a struggle against a state of affairs, and men can collaborate, but in the end liberation is a state of mind, coming from within.

The women's movement can now be perceived to be a large and diverse body of activity and thought. The literature alone is formidable, and is by no means confined to the four or five well-known women writers whose names are regularly parrotted by liberal-minded males (see, for example, Moorcock's Chapter 3). One certainly cannot describe all women intellectuals as 'militants' or 'radicals'.

The central weakness of Paul Ableman's **The Doomed Rebellion** is that he does just that. It's a familiar stratagem, one that men have heard before, or think they have heard. It panders to the prejudices of males unwilling to change their behaviour, because as with, say, political extremism the presence of 'militant females' makes a compartment which can be removed from the arena of serious debate.

> The master thesis of militant feminists, from which many of their more specific propositions derive, is that the sexes are, in some absolute sense, equal and that the observed differences between them are the results of 'cultural' forces.

Ableman sets out to repudiate this thesis, summoning biology, the arts, sexuality and notions of imprisonment as his main arguments. The tone throughout is plausible and intellectually responsible . . . except for the fatal flaw. Time and again, Ableman summons as his principal adversary some nameless feminist radical, and any serious or sympathetic reader cannot help but want to know the reference. The only one of these unidentified adversaries I could spot was Germaine Greer, described on p.56 as a 'female militant author', whose book about the way women artists have been discouraged over the centuries happens to be one I have read. (*The Obstacle Race*, Secker 1979; Picador 1981.) Ableman claims that Greer's attempt 'to redress the balance' essentially proves the reverse of her intention, but he does not support this contention. Greer would easily be the match of Ableman, and one feels a fight is being ducked.

The irony is that by opposing the women's movement, by making no modish concessions to male 'feminism', Ableman commends himself to the trust of women. Women should read this book because the author is arguing with them, not toadying to them.

These two books – or pamphlets, rather – are the first in a new series called Bee in Bonnet Books, a slightly chummy title for something the publishers describe as 'a platform for unconventional and controversial views on aspects of contemporary society'. Paul Ableman's essay is excellent pamphleteering: provocative, personal and sincere, a work of considerable intelligence.

The intellectual temperature drops dramatically with the second book, Michael Moorcock's attack on Thatcherism, **The Retreat from Liberty**.

For a writer of Moorcock's professed political non-allegiance (he keeps telling us he is an anarchist), Thatcher is a soft target. The Moorcock case is difficult to summarise, because the writing draws heavily on anecdotes, usually ones about his friends, his books or himself. He sees the present political mood in Britain as being authoritarian (which most of us non-anarchists had also seen), and that Thatcher is an effect of this, and not necessarily a cause. Moorcock itemises four Retreats: from Liberalism, from Internationalism, from Feminism and from Individualism, then, in a chapter called 'The Quest for the Perfect Lie', he begins:

> This essay has no claim to much originality or profundity. It is essentially a piece of journalism written in response to a publisher's offer to rant if I felt I had something to say.

This passage shines through the sogginess around it with a welcome sense of pith and truth; it is alone in the book with its specificity. The trouble with generalisations of the sort Moorcock employs is that it's difficult to disprove them or even debate them, except in bits, the very bits that are being avoided. Generalisations can contain the truth, of course, but they are usually used to blur the lies. This is why governments use them, and notably the regime Moorcock so detests. How odd that he should emerge as a kind of High Tory anarchist!

But one of the 'bits' was testable, at least in memory. On p.45 Moorcock condemns the fundamental chauvinism of the British, and does so with an anecdote about the evening in 1966 when England had won the World Cup from Germany. He saw the celebrating crowds, jubilant, hugging one another, grinning, dancing through the streets, much good-will and celebration. Later he saw a pub crowd turn ugly on three young West German soldiers, and this crowd was drunk, stamping and swaying, and chanting 'We Won The War'. Moorcock depicts himself as disinterested observer, yet by chance I was with him that evening, as were several other people. My memory of it is as vivid as Moorcock's, yet interestingly different. Sometimes anarchists also play at being hell-raisers. What generalisation could be made from a revised form of the anecdote? □

Keith Bosley

Chieftain

August in Weymouth
photographed in his
best pressed three-piece suit
his watch chain threaded
from fob across his
bay window weskit
through a button hole
to fob, his best shirt
collarless: he stands
before a palm tree
which plumes out of his
cloth cap. Beside him
his missus in flowered
dress and floppy hat
cowers. Their faces are
hidden. Their tribe will
inherit the earth.

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The Letters of John Middleton Murry to Katherine Mansfield

ed. C. A. HANKIN *Constable* £9.95

'People seem to think that I'm made of whipcord and steel', complained Middleton Murry to Katherine Mansfield, and it is true that the general feeling about him (from Virginia Woolf's *Diary* onwards) is that he was much to blame in his treatment of his wife, both before her early death from tuberculosis and after it, when he became her self-appointed editor and commentator, exploiting (so it was said) her talent for his own ends and overplaying the part he played in her literary development. He certainly made himself secure on her royalties, and only months after her death bought himself and his second wife a house on the strength of them; in a fit of moral masochism, he even published Mansfield's letters, which squarely cast him as a devastatingly inadequate husband for a woman forced to live abroad on a lingering death-sentence.

This new volume, impeccably edited and produced at a remarkably low price, corrects an imbalance. These are not quietly enjoyable and incidentally interesting letters, nor do they reveal anything new about Mansfield's writing. The relationship they embody is of a sickening see-saw intensity quite beyond anything their despised Bloomsbury contemporaries experienced. Its narrative evolves along Mansfield's peregrinations in search of health (culminating in submission to Gurdjieff) and Murry's vacillations over whether to join her, but the constant thread is Murry's absolute and committed devotion: 'the only thing about me is my love for you' . . . 'I have not the slightest doubt (seriously) that we are manifestations of the same being'. His problem, as he admitted, was fear and a terrible helpless fatalism about the end which awaited them – 'the stars in their courses are fighting against us', he cries, and it is impossible to question his sincerity. Lawrence's satire of their relationship in the Gudrun and Gerald of *Women in Love* comes to seem not just ruthless, but way off target. Trapped in the day-to-day demands and compromises of London literary journalism, Murry may have failed the absolute test that his wife's position set him; but after these outpourings, of yearning, fervour, self-abasement and anger, it is impossible to deny him pity.

Rupert Christiansen

The People of Providence

TONY PARKER *Hutchinson* £12.95 & £7.95

It is just about impossible to overpraise this book. Tony Parker has taped a series of interviews with a cross-section of the inhabitants of a London housing estate, from the window-dresser in his high-rise penthouse ('One of my friends says it's all too "bijou". I think that means "jewel" actually . . . I don't mind, that's how I feel about it exactly, I love it'), to the local soak, 'Billy Bottle' – 'Yes it is a bad cough I've got, it is indeed sir, I got very wet last night with the fucking rain.' – from the single women with children, living lives of quiet despair relieved only by pills, to the self-made man – BR official, union activist, freemason and pillar of the Tory party – and including just about every other type in between.

In the section on 'Outsiders' there's a classic piece of self-exposure by the headmaster of a local comprehensive. The man should never have been allowed into the teaching profession, far less be put in charge of a school. He preaches the gospel of no hope for the working-class child. He despises the school and never enters its catchment area. He does not believe in the value of what he is teaching. He just doesn't know what education is.

Tony Parker juxtaposes these revelations with his interview with the Health Visitor who has started a lunch club for Mums, which is immensely popular and at which women have surprised themselves by spontaneously choosing to discuss 'politics, religion, women's rights, how people live in other countries' and so on. The Health Visitor comments, 'They've been consistently underrated all their lives and they've constantly underrated themselves all their lives too.'

The People of Providence is the best book I've read since Jeremy Seabrook's *Working-Class Childhood*, and that's saying a lot. Like Seabrook, Parker is a master at building bridges of understanding, a genius at getting people to open up about themselves and at editing the results into a coherent, fascinating microcosm of working-class life that is in itself an illumination of human nature. And it can be read like the best fiction: it is as true to life as that, and as gripping.

Anne Smith

Pressure Politics

ed. DAVID MARSH

Junction Books £14.50 & £6.95

Environmental Groups in Politics

PHILIP LOWE and JANE GOYDER

Allen & Unwin £15 & £6.95

Real decisions in British public life come about in a complicated way: not because of a straight fight between economic and political forces, but out of a complex dance involving politicians, civil servants and interest groups ranging from the Child Poverty Action Group to the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders. Marsh's book provides the clearest set of insights yet into how pressure groups operate in British politics, and backs it up with case studies.

Marsh points out that the key division is between groups like CPAG, which want to change the way the world works, and others like the Confederation of British Industry (of which he has written a history), which articulate the way the world already does work. The CBI and other establishment economic pressure groups – like the National Farmers' Union, the most consistently successful economic lobby in the land – enjoy good relations with the civil service and governments of all colours (although they are most comfortable under Tory administrations). By comparison, even the TUC is an outsider, let alone smaller bodies with restricted funds and political connections.

A case in point, as Hugh Ward points out in Marsh's book, is the anti-nuclear lobby. He shows that groups working against nuclear power in the UK have had important effects on policy. But it is market forces that have really torn the heart out of the prospects for nuclear power in Britain. This underlines the message of Lowe and Goyder's more specialist and wordy book on environmental pressure groups. Such groups vary from local to national and from millions in membership (the National Trust and the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds) down to small local groups.

Most environmental groups are better than they were on technical issues, in skills like media use, and in access to politicians and the like. And they have won important victories, both tangible and in terms of altering public consciousness. The problem is that the influence is most available to groups with the most modest programmes and approach. One way round this problem (demonstrated by Clear's lead-free petrol programme, too recent for Lowe and Goyder's book) might be a series of well-organised single issue campaigns, too tightly focused to be swallowed up into a general environmental consensus.

Martin Ince

The Social and Political Thought of Michael Bakunin

RICHARD B. SALTMAN *Greenwood* £29.50

Richard Saltman, who is a research associate in political science in the Department of Health Policy and Management at Harvard University, has produced the first full-length English-language study of Bakunin's ideas which takes them seriously and finds them significant. It isn't as well-informed or as well-written as some of its predecessors, but it is reliable and readable, and it gives a refreshingly sympathetic view of a much-maligned man.

Saltman opens with a chapter called 'Bakunin Under Western Eyes', analysing and attacking the prevailing interpretation, which he calls 'The Paradox School'. 'The Paradox School encompasses most well-known English-language studies of Bakunin', he says, whether by Marxist, liberal, or even some libertarian writers. 'Despite their otherwise diverse nature, all these authors share the central conclusion of the Paradox approach: in the final analysis, Bakunin's political thought was theoretically inconsistent and contradictory, without serious intellectual or political merit.'

Saltman's own thesis is that 'during his mature anarchist period, dating approximately from 1866 to 1874, Bakunin set forth an internally consistent and fully fleshed social theory that bears little resemblance to the standard Marxist, liberal, or libertarian historical wisdom'; and he devotes the rest of the book to a detailed account of this theory of 'collectivist anarchism'. He begins by putting Bakunin into the twin traditions of Feuerbach in philosophy and Lamarck in science. He describes Bakunin's three critiques of artificial or arbitrary authority – of the state, including the so-called 'people's state'; of science, or rather scientism; and of capitalism, following the Marxist critique of bourgeois capitalism, but foreshadowing the anarchist critique of state capitalism. He describes Bakunin's revolutionary theory – based on the rural as much as the urban working class, and not dominated by an open party but stimulated by a semi-secret association. And he describes Bakunin's complex relationship with Marx.

Saltman closes with 'A Preliminary Assessment', arguing that Bakunin anticipated many subsequent critiques of bourgeois democracy and of Marxist dictatorship. He concludes that with his work 'the anarchist perception of reality gained the stature of a full-fledged political philosophy, worthy of equal consideration among the various political perspectives on the modern world'.

Saltman's view of Bakunin is rather narrow, concentrating on his thought at the expense of his action, and he tends to underemphasise the aspects which hostile commentators tend to overemphasise, ignoring his ambivalent attitudes to such problems as secrecy and violence. But what matters most is that he has produced a book which for once takes Bakunin on his own terms and which helps to clarify the work of an interesting and important man. If only it were cheaper and more likely to be read by ordinary people.

Nicolas Walter

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FICTION
Marion Glastonbury

Saying so

Short Stories 1921-1946
BERTOLT BRECHT
eds. JOHN WILLETT & RALPH MANHEIM
Methuen £8.95

In response to a recent radio request, the BBC producer who chooses the scripts for *Morning Story* warned would-be contributors against the recurring plots which have become unacceptably familiar. Formerly, rural rivalry was commonplace: who will carry off the prizes at the village fete? Who cares? Now, there is an equally tedious surplus of fictionalised job interviews and satirised selection boards, as hundreds of rejected applicants take up their pens in a vain effort to turn their chagrin into entertainment.

A certain Brechtian irony is implicit in this sign of the times. The more people share an experience the less marketable is its depiction. But then, in the aftermath of reading Brecht, everything appears for a while in a Brechtian light, with stark iniquity calmly accepted, and winners and losers rigid in their roles. As the humble customs official shouted to the Chinese sage: 'Who gets the better of whom, that interests me. If you've found out, say so.' According to legend, Lao Tsu responded by dictating the axioms of the *Tao te Ching*, the book commemorated in this poem. Like him, Brecht was currently in exile, and *his* accumulated wisdom, also elicited, he would claim, by popular demand and practical need, is intended to leave readers interpreting their own lives and the news of the day as evidence of the truths he analysed: an analysis which could, properly used, transform the world.

THE SUBSTANCE of this anthology was largely derived from matters of fact: press reports of criminal trials and commercial rackets; knowledge of (or sometimes mistakes about) antiquity and fragments of autobiography. The enduring influence of long-dead philosophers fuelled Brecht's ambitions. The disasters of the Second World War evoked memories of the First. Brecht rarely threw away anything he had written, but of these 38 prose pieces, only eight were collected in book form during his life-time. The rest served as a resource, a rehearsal, a political declaration or a bid to make money. Destined for outlets as diverse as the Soviet Writers' Union and the studios of Hollywood, the stories often mark the early stages of ideas that culminated in the theatre. 'The Augsburg Chalk Circle' is set in Brecht's home town; one of the animal fables is incorporated as a soliloquy in *Baal*, and the Inquisition's persecution of the astronomer Giordano Bruno foreshadows *Galileo*, begun in the same year.

The chronological sequence in which the stories, translated by Yvonne Kapp, Hugh Rorrison and Antony Tatlow, have been arranged and annotated usefully illuminates Brecht's literary development in the context of his time, as he sought words and images to do justice to the enormities of the century.

But this order of presentation has the incidental disadvantage of focusing attention at the outset on the least successful experiments: bleak parables of self-inflicted doom; celebrations of casual cruelty (women love it); mawkish yarns of buccaneering buddies whose tenderness for each other shines through bloody scenes of rape and rapine . . .

When youthful intellects repudiate their bourgeois heritage, there is a corresponding temptation to glorify all that is gross, philistine and violent. Witness e.e. cummings's infatuation with boys who 'do not give a fart for Art./They kill like you would take a piss.'

As a student drop-out in his early twenties, Brecht favoured only poems that could 'knock out one or two of the listener's teeth'. But maturity brought a welcome scepticism and ambivalence to his portrayal of ruthless energy. Boisterous *Schadenfreude* is tempered by awareness of its consequences.

In Berlin, he recorded the wry reminiscences of the German middleweight boxing champion, who had stowed away to 'Cardiff (England)'; noted the 'terrible blank placidity' of the long-term unemployed; and studied the civilian adjustments made by veterans from the trenches, some vengeful, some sybaritic: 'nothing can coax that sort out of their tiled bathrooms.' Meanwhile, he took a craftsman's interest in practicalities: how does one salvage a ship, outwit a speculator, freeze a chicken, dispose of a corpse? His anecdotes illustrate the affinity or contrast between situations and states of mind, as humans hurtle about in cars and aircraft. His case histories trace the crazy logic whereby individuals are aroused to frenzy by trifles, while remaining impervious to great wrongs.

Perhaps potential purchasers should look first at the end of the book, with its poignant vignettes of war-torn Europe and allegories of Nazi guilt. These furnished Brecht, now in his forties, with his most striking representations of what he called 'Gestus': the outward expression of the dynamic contradictions implicit in social relationships. To 'make gestures quotable' was his declared object: to create a strategic interruption; to arrest the inexorable movement of collective forces long enough for the participants to discern a pattern and then take action to change it.

It is a pity, therefore, that the narratives are printed in this otherwise attractive edition as a semi-continuous series: their impact should be singular and lapidary. We need a space between each; a pause for thought; a silence in which to register an informed astonishment at what is usually taken for granted. □

PHOTOGRAPHY
Peter Dormer

Friend of the famous

Man With Camera: Photographs from Seven Decades
FELIX H. MAN *Secker* £17.50

Felix Man's seven decades of photographs provide a picturesque world of heroes – artists and statesmen or the noble poor and the cheerfully hard-up. It is a gentleman's book of photographs, politic but never political and with a touch of Tom Stoppard's Henry Carr of *Travesties* fame, 'My memoirs, is it, then? Life and times, friend of the famous.'

Beautiful but largely unrevealing pictures of people on pedestals are unfolded – benign wisdom made material in the person of physicist Max Planck, a scholar at work starring a clerical T. S. Eliot, grave affairs of state preoccupying Anthony Eden, and, as ever, there is the artist for all times – a gorgeous, young and robust Henry Moore. Clichés all. There are exceptions. It is nice to see a smiling George Orwell with his child rather than as the dark obsessive he is normally shown to be.

But on the whole Man's pictures are too deferential and too quick to fall into the accepted view of the way great people should look. He is a well-mannered photographer who makes comments like, 'The hotel one stays at is not without some importance; and good behaviour and a decent appearance are often a half-way step to success'.

Success that seems to come from sucking up to the successful. Perhaps that is unfair. Perhaps these are photographs of their time, predating the spirit of 'show-it-how-it-is' photography which was ready for the kill when confronted with a Nixon or a Wilson. Felix Man allowed his famous sitters to be in charge whereas tougher, younger photographers felt free to try to present their sitters more ruthlessly, perhaps more cynically.

Yet there is another side to this book of pictures. The very lack of revelation in the portraits, coupled with the old-fashioned content of many of the other photographs – out of date clothes and motor vehicles, countrysides which show a world of hedgerows and trees as yet ungrubbed for the tractor – distanced me from the subject matter and allowed me to look at the pictures simply as beautiful objects. Thus regarded the book is pleasurable – the lighting, the composition, the lyricism is all beguiling. As a description of seven decades of the 20th century these pictures are an irrelevancy – but as art, well that's a different matter. □

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OPERA
Andrew Clements

Wheels within wheels

Taverner
Covent Garden

It's 11 years since Peter Maxwell Davies's first opera was staged at Covent Garden. The current revival is one of the Royal Opera's more unexpected actions, for the company has never been noted for its loyalty to new opera once the glamour of a première has faded. But another chance to see the work which dominated Davies's creative life for well over a decade cannot be taken for granted; whatever *Taverner*'s shortcomings as an operatic experience, it holds a strange fascination for anyone who has followed his development with any sort of seriousness.

Even at the time of the première in 1972 Maxwell Davies had developed his style well beyond the language of *Taverner*. He had conceived the plan of the opera while a student in Manchester in the 1950s, and worked on it in earnest in the early 1960s, producing then the two *Taverner* fantasias as orchestral studies for the project. The techniques of thematic transformation that have sustained his music since were evolved during its composition, yet in his music-theatre pieces of the late 1960s, such as *Eight Songs for a Mad King* and *Vesalii Icones,* he had given his dramatic music a sharper cutting edge, while in the 'Orkney' phase from 1971 onwards textures and contours became more ingratiating, packaging more artful. Encountering *Taverner* again after such a gap was to find the problems of musical and philosophical intelligibility it throws out in the first act irritatingly abstruse; their lack of convenient packaging is now a real stumbling block to the opera's success.

Though the theme of the work – the Tudor composer John Taverner is persecuted for his Lutheran beliefs by the Catholic church but after the Reformation repudiates his Catholic church music and becomes a zealous persecutor of the Catholics himself – is straightforward enough, Davies's treatment of it is anything but simplistic. The opera is conceived as a gigantic parody, layer upon layer; the second act mirrors and mimics the first (Taverner's actions as a sword-brandishing zealot are portrayed as a grotesque and vapid distortion of his own earlier test of faith) and within each scene actions acquire double, sometimes triple meanings. In Davies's music, too, parody in its broadest sense is pre-eminent; fragments of Taverner's compositions provide the starting point for much of the invention, while quotations from his liturgical works sometimes lie cheek by jowl with the 'new music' they have generated, resulting in a web of allusions that the ear cannot hope to untangle.

Catherine Ashmore

The Jester – 'manipulator and malign motivator'

All this has little relevance to making a good opera, to creating an effective dramatic illusion. Davies chose to make a stage work out of the subject-matter simply because nothing else could have possibly sustained such a complex construction with any hope of intelligibility. The necessity to explore the subject came first, the desire to write an opera second, and, I fear, it shows. For much of the evening the action remains firmly on the other side of the proscenium, as if one is watching some gigantic intellectual mechanism gradually unwind *in vacuo*; there is much to admire in the sheer cleverness of it all, rather less to find exciting or moving.

That Davies has a considerable and markedly individual dramatic flair we know from the music-theatre works and his two chamber operas. There are moments when that ability is pre-figured in *Taverner*. The two appearances of the counter-tenor Priest-Confessor are superb comic cameos; Taverner's spiritual doubt and ultimate rejection of his faith are given a marvellously vivid and surreal intensity. The invention of the character of the Jester, the manipulator and malign motivator of the actions of the characters, is also an inspired and utterly characteristic touch.

At the same time, there are scenes that seem to belong to the world of sacred oratorio more than to the stage. The confrontations between King and Cardinal are dry, perversely undramatic affairs, to which the Jester's ironic commentary provides only token variegation, and no production could spice them totally effectively. They are accompanied by a stage band of Renaissance instruments – string in the first act, wind in the second – that plays Davies's pastiches of period dances and fantasias, a busy and intricate accompaniment to a theological discussion that proceeds in parallel rather than tandem. Such mismatches between intellectual content and dramatic effect are not uncommon. One remembers the opera for its moments of stark, savage expressionism and sheer, unoperatic beauty, as when Taverner's music is quoted and juxtaposed with Davies's own, the mixture in effect that one admires in his finest scores.

What is certainly better conveyed now than it was in 1972 is the sense and line of the orchestral writing. Not only does the conductor Edward Downes have experience of Davies's more recent orchestral scores such as the second symphony, but orchestral players themselves take the demands in their stride nowadays, even a band like the Covent Garden orchestra which is more sheltered from contemporary music than most. To hear the score played, and to a large extent sung, with such accuracy was justification enough for the revival, however partial such an appreciation was. The only contribution that was less than acceptable was that of the chorus, which could most kindly be described as a shambles, though it was no worse than on many another recent evening at Covent Garden.

Michael Geliot's production and Ralph Koltai's sets have dated rather; flashing lights and swings and roundabouts seem self-consciously modern now, though a naturalistic setting would certainly be even more absurd, and the inherent symmetry of the action insists on a high degree of stylised repetition.

Three singers repeat their roles. In the title part, Ragnar Ulfung makes the composer a fiercely combative figure, never seeking sympathy for his actions; he copes well with the angular demands Davies's music makes of him. Raimund Herincx is again the White Abbot, the counterbalance to Taverner himself, the prosecutor who becomes the prosecuted; James Bowman is the absurd Priest-Confessor. Of the newcomers Alan Oke has the most difficult task as Jester; he does not convey the level of menace and malevolence that Benjamin Luzon conjured up in the original run, nor is he so aggressively athletic, but he sings accurately and clearly. Sarah Walker as Rose Parrowe, Taverner's mistress, is otherwise the pick of the cast, bringing a new level of warmth to what is arguably the opera's only fully rounded and sympathetic characterisation.

Ms Walker's appearances serve to highlight what remains the opera's most distinctive lack, its failure to crystallise the central dilemma of the plot in approachably human terms, stripped of theology or demonology. Taverner is creatively destroyed by his expediency; he loses belief in his own ability because he lacks moral courage. He is punished because he is a mere mortal who has produced immortal art. On stage the human dimension is all but lost, except in the character of Rose Parrowe; Taverner himself becomes a tragic hero who loses out because he is in reality merely human, and by divesting him of that humanity Davies loses a vital link with the reality of his audience. That, more than any intellectual paraphernalia or musical conceit, is the reason for *Taverner*'s ultimate failure as a stage work. □

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TELEVISION
Mary Harron

Death row

LAST WEEK the screen was filled with mutilated bodies, beginning with the Channel Four report from El Salvador, **The Front Line.** Made by Chris Wenner (who covered civilians and guerrillas) and Jeff B. Harmon (who covered the army and right wing) this was a montage of voices and images presented without comment or explanation.

It opened with Christmas in the capital: fuzzy images of lurid, tourist sunsets, a Santa Claus, a nightclub with chorus girls, and much frantic, sinister gaiety. Then cut, to a woman holding a photograph of her son, one of the 'disappeared'. Then back to a disco where a smiling girl tells the camera, 'The climate is beautiful, the ocean is really close: the war, it's nothing, man!' Cut to a body lying in a white-tiled morgue, the only clue to his identity being a rubber stamp mark from the disco on his arm. As the camera moves in on possible witnesses they retreat into corners, muttering, 'I saw nothing', 'I didn't notice anything, we just come here to work.'

Well, would you risk your life for a Channel Four documentary crew? A situation where the camera is terrifying does not lend itself to neutral film-making; in a country run by torturers, few people will willingly speak the truth. But *The Front Line* was so determined to give the people of El Salvador their say that it did without a voice-over, proper titles, background information or any clear introduction to each speaker.

This film was made at considerable risk to the directors and their crew, which makes it all the stranger that they should sacrifice its clarity and effectiveness for an undergraduate idea of experimentation. On **Right To Reply** (C4), Dr Salvador Moncada criticised it, justly, for presenting the opposition as Marxist ideologues in jungle encampments and ignoring the intelligentsia and the middle ground. In the same programme they were criticised for white-washing the right wing, which is unjust – at least they seemed boundlessly corrupt to me. We learned then that attempts had been made to prevent the film's transmission. It was sloppy, and perhaps it was misleading, but it was unforgettable – for two scenes.

The first was a little boy, describing how he escaped in the massacre of his family: 'They took my father away. They killed my mother. Of the nine killed in my family only my Mummy and Grandmummy were big. All the rest were little, little boys.' He hid from the soldiers by crawling under the bodies of the dead. The woman next to him said: 'He was there all night. He said he wasn't afraid because all his family was there – but all his family was dead.' The interviewer asked him gently 'Why weren't you afraid?' and the little boy said, again, 'Because my mummy was there.'

The other was of a large jocular member of a death squad, who spoke with a slight American accent: college educated in the United States. Asked how he made his prisoners talk he said, 'Sure it's obvious we torture them. The same thing you did in Vietnam, we learned from you: blow torches in the arm pits, electric shocks in the balls . . .' This was neither defensive nor threatening, but said in the chatty, self-satisfied tone of a man who is good at his job and pleased that someone takes an interest in his work. This was credible, but it was the next answer that gave one of those momentary glimpses that television can offer into the unfathomability of human nature. The interviewer asked, 'What would happen if the guerrillas got hold of you?' There was a pause, and a nervous laugh, and the answer, 'It's funny, I feel I'm already dead. I know if they catch me they're going to torture me, and do to me the same things I did to them.'

More unfathomability came in **Murder In the First Degree** (BBC-2), first of nine programmes culled from a previous series, *Circuit Eleven Miami,* of televised trials from a Florida court. Just in time for the debate on hanging, and infinitely more instructive than the anodyne discussion in **A Week In Politics In The House of Commons** (C4).

The crime was vile enough: a kindly old man beaten to death in a bungled robbery. But gradually the very concepts of justice and retribution evaporated, in this tale of an inept criminal, Steven Weiss, who confessed to the murder and shopped his partner Thomas Perry on a charge of first degree (new penalty, the electric chair) in return for a reduced sentence. How could you keep your bearings as the defence attorney barked at Weiss. 'Isn't it true you'd sell your asshole for a nickel of heroin?', when the victim was smeared as a predatory, drug-using homosexual and when one of the chief witnesses was a comic pianist named Lappy Larue? The first episode of this two-part real-life drama ended with Thomas Perry staring through the bars of his cell and saying, wonderingly, 'I didn't kill the man. The ironical thing is, I don't believe Steven Weiss did it either.' Now that's mad enough to be true.

All this paled before the gratuitous sensationalism of **Cymbeline** (BBC-2). Actually it didn't, in spite of the joys of Helen Mirren and a perfectly judged performance by Paul Jesson as a smug Oxbridge Cloten: simply because someone – and in this crime only the designers benefited – decided to lace up this mixture of barbarism, myth and Snow White fairy tale wonder into a starched, high-ruffed and desperately *measured* 17th century political drama.

Finally, after that exhausting plot, came the brutal simplicity of David Leland's **Made In Britain** (ITV), where Trevor, a bright, malevolent and self-destructive skinhead, moved inexorably towards a prison cell: Tim Roth caught him brilliantly, not hiding the viciousness while leaving a sense of loss. □

ARCHITECTURE
Jules Lubbock

Bucky's mantle

THE RIBA did not invite your architecture correspondent to the presentation of the Royal Gold Medal to Norman Foster, designer of the Sainsbury Centre at the University of East Anglia, the Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank HQ (at an estimated £300-600m the world's most expensive office block) and the projected BBC building in Langham Place. But he managed to cadge a ticket at the last moment, and this is what he saw.

First, the audience was cued to clap Foster's progress down the aisle. Then Sir Robert Sainsbury told us how proud he was for his family name to be associated with an architect of genius. He extolled the practical merits of his art gallery, no matter its inadequacies for teaching – such as paper-thin, steel-walled seminar rooms without sound insulation – or the fact that it would have paid for 50 low-tech community arts centres.

And then, wearing the regulation dark suit of our technocratic *noblesse de robe,* Foster glided forward with a toadying smile and delicate wringing of the hands that would have done justice to Uriah Heep, with hints for his fellow architects on how to part rich fools from their money. First spin them a yarn about using high technology to break down social barriers and clean up the working classes; then flatter them with the conceit that they, the Patrons, were designers-in-chief; and finally insinuate the notion that Buckminster Fuller was the Leonardo in residence, and part of the deal. Thus he has wheedled building budgets beyond the dreams of Louis XIV from some of the world's most tight-fisted businessmen.

And there, surprise surprise, was the old charlatan himself, Buckminster Fuller of 'Spaceship Earth', whose advertised lecture the day before had been cancelled at Foster's personal behest. Giving a passable imitation of Charlie Chaplin in *The Great Dictator,* he made more jibes at the working classes, and told us that technology alone could solve all the world's problems, but for an obsolescent power structure which had misapplied it for mass-destruction. His example was space technology, and he disingenuously ignored the points that the development of rocketry was first funded by Nazi Germany for V1 and V2 missiles, and that science and technology in general were social institutions set in motion by capitalism. The world needed technological generalists of courage and integrity, and enlightened patrons, to save it from nuclear holocaust. Norman was a man of courage and integrity; Sainsbury, Fred Olsen *et al.* were enlightened patrons . . .

Within a fortnight two events occurred. First, Buckminster Fuller died. We had wit-

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nessed one of the so-called greats of modern architecture, the inventor of the geodesic dome, passing on his mantle to his spiritual son. The architectural papers printed sentimental tributes from his disciples. Had I been unjust? Was he really the great humanitarian genius he claimed to be. I re-read one of his tediously repetitious books. The answer was no. For all his evasive illogic, here was a man who had been able to countenance both the Second World War and the Cold War on account of the advances made in nuclear research, rocketry, automation and high performance materials. His architectural vision amounted to housing people in pyramids two-and-a-half miles high. Stripped of its rhetoric about swords into ploughshares, his dream of supranationalism and prosperity for all amounted to the conquest of the global economy by the American multinationals. This was the secret of Fuller's allure to his big business patrons.

The second event was that Milton Keynes Development Corporation announced that they were suing Foster, and the contractors, for alleged design faults in 569 homes completed in 1977 at a cost of £5m, which will cost £5.3m to put right, and which have caused untold misery to the luckless tenants. □

THEATRE
Benedict Nightingale

Survivals

The Offshore Island
MARGHANITA LASKI *Old Red Lion*
Sector Three
BRYAN OLIVER *Upstream*
Annie Wobbler
ARNOLD WESKER *Birmingham Rep Studio*

There are, heaven knows, differences enough between **The Offshore Island,** which was written in 1954, and **Sector Three,** which was first seen at last year's Edinburgh Festival. In one postdiluvian household the survivors play games of rummy, toot out Schubert on recorders, and say things like 'the soup at lunch was really rather beastly'; in the other they arm-wrestle, snap on a cassette-player, and use four-letter words. But there is a curious similarity in the way each explains the nuclear annihilation of Britain. The US and Russia have gone to war, but omitted to inflict serious damage on each other. Instead, they have confined the devastation to what Bryan Oliver calls 'Europe' and Marghanita Laski their 'satellites'. In both cases, the deterrent theory has worked only for the super-powers. In both, an unwise alliance with a strong but untrustworthy America has done for us. Both are tacit propaganda for keeping ourselves to ourselves.

The Offshore Island dates from a time when, if you recall, Arthur Miller pronounced our offshore island's theatre 'hermetically sealed off from reality'. But it isn't just astonishment at discovering that so indisputably *engaged* a play was all along stuck in those limp archives which leads me to prefer it to *Sector Three*. It has more atmosphere, more tension, more sheer class. The two brothers of Mr Oliver's piece joke, bicker, remember old times, gamble for the cans of food that litter their cellar; and then in comes an interruption to their desultory but not ill-written conversation in the form of a coolly distraught young woman, widow of one of the politicians whose complacency has brought about Armageddon, mother of a child slowly killed by radiation sickness.

She vividly reports the horrors outside. Less happily, she moralises ('great men come to open our eyes, Christ, Buddha, Marx, don't you see?'). Less happily still, she confuses. One moment she seems to be enrolling the brothers in a revenge raid on the nation's leaders as they emerge from their bunkers; the next, she is identifying with precisely those authorities, or at any rate pulling a pistol on her new acquaintances, on the grounds they might leave their hideaway and infect healthier people above. What Mr Oliver expects us to make of this contradiction I really don't know.

Miss Laski also makes use of sudden and unexpected intrusion from outside, in her case a band of US soldiers come to clear and nuke the isolated farm her survivors have spent several years tilling, in order to prevent 'the enemy' transforming it into a base. Their leader, spouting rhetoric about God and communism, and peace making you soft, sounds at times like a parody of the Ugly American; and a scene in which he chums up with a Russian counterpart, the two of them enjoying the camaraderie of a conflict that hurts only those not directly involved, verges on and perhaps into paranoia. What makes the play so much more absorbing than *Sector Three*, however, is its detailed, affectionate picture of the new rural civilisation that is precariously emerging from the ashes: the toil, the diversions, the diet, the wondering about the future and how that future is to be procreated. Miss Laski makes us care about these people, their concerns, their prospects, to a degree Mr Oliver can't match. And, doing so, she makes us warier of war itself.

Is it a sort of reflex narcissism, or a confusion of gender, or something else, that has led Arnold Wesker to give two of the protagonists of his one-woman plays the initials A.W. and the third a Christian name beginning with A? Certainly, it's hard to discover anything more purposeful in his picture either of Annie Wobbler, a battered charwoman who has squandered her uneventful life toiling for a series of people she knows only as 'madam', or of Anna, a student readying herself for what promises to be a fractious date with the pretentious prig who has been patronising her. As character sketches, they are deft and delicate, and, as performances by Nichola McAuliffe, they are splendidly skilful. But we have to wait for the long coda to the evening to learn something new about A.W., playwright and chap.

In this, a novelist called Annabella Wharton parries some averagely importunate and standardly insensitive questions from an unnamed interviewer. Her first mask and defence is scatty self-deprecation: 'I potter around, doodle, start at the top of the page, then go down.' Her second, probably no more honest, is a brutal cynicism: 'I want fame, money and power.' Only towards the end does A.W. begin to come clean, describing his/her work as 'a conversation I couldn't finish – no, a conversation I finished, but wasn't satisfied with', and iterating and reiterating the first three syllables of the phrase, 'oh sweet mystery of life'. Is Wesker, seemingly so self-aware, calculated and out-front a dramatist, confessing that his subject-matter, intentions and achievements are all much mistier to him than they were? Something like that. □

FILMS
John Coleman

Driven

Smash Palace (18)
Screen on the Green; Cinecenta
L'Etoile du Nord (PG)
Odeon, Kensington

Outside of horror movies, where the incursion of a lesbian vampire may cause awful damage, the reasons for marital crack-ups in the cinema (and indeed in real life) tend to lack variety. One of the virtues, then, of the New Zealander Roger Donaldson's **Smash Palace,** which he both wrote and directed, is that it entertainingly refreshes the clichés of wedlock on the rocks. And it does this while flourishing an alarming fistful of them: a husband more interested in tinkering with cars than in his wife, a Frenchwoman stuck out in the back of beyond for eight years now; promises unfulfilled; the husband's best friend turned to by the neglected missus; a small daughter torn between the parents; and a measure of over-familiar scenes. I come to praise, but a warning is in order. Soon after the opening, we are into this. She: 'Alan?' – he: 'What?' – she says nothing, *in close up*. Or, later and more wordily, he: 'I've had a gutful of your melodrama and constant criticism' – she: 'You're pushing me to the limit'. Not only her, one murmurs. Mr Donaldson, in his capacity as wordsmith, even has the wife beckoning to that best friend thus: 'You probably realise things aren't great between

Among this week's contributors:

DAVID CAUTE's most recent publications are *Under the Skin: The Death of White Rhodesia* (Allen Lane) and *The K-Factor* (Michael Joseph).

CHRISTOPHER PRIEST's books include *The Affirmation*, available in paperback from Arrow Books.

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Al and me.'

Al (balding Bruno Lawrence) and Jacqui (Anna Jemison) met, it transpires, while he was a successful racing driver on the European circuit. They returned to New Zealand to sell off his dead father's bequest, the vast automobile graveyard of the title, and just stayed. *We* encounter them poised for disaster. Al, who calls her Jack and treats enchanting wee Georgie (Greer Robson) more like a son, lets her go to a fateful party with his police buddy Ray (Keith Aberdein in a fairly effaced performance). Jacqui and daughter soon move out, ma teaching at a local school and carrying on an affair with Ray. What follows is rather a good and inventive film, with bemusedly macho but *simpatico* Al doing all the wrong things. Having studiously rehearsed an apology, he rings Jacqui's new doorbell and announces, 'Look, I know you've been totally unreasonable'. A non-molestation order is served on him and he drags that front door down with his truck. More bad moments, including a humiliating thrashing by chums of another copper he has crossed, and he goes methodically ape, kidnapping young Georgie and covering his trail so they may spend a few weeks together in the bush. It's an escapade that can only be short-lived.

Donaldson sensitively clusters some of the most potent effects of muddled grown-up behaviour around the excellent kid: her nervously switching a torch off and on in the dark of her bedroom as mum and dad row; her solitary watching as dad wins a race on TV, with mum and Ray outside and no one to tell; her cool pleasure that she failed to kill the rabbit dad got her to shoot at; an absurd little birthday ceremony in that hidden trailer during her kidnapping, with a mocked-up cake bearing big, ordinary candles. It's a tale that has time for humour as well, growing naturally out of the errancies of Al. He posts his clothes through a letterbox at one point, driving off naked; and there is a fine terminal gag on railway tracks. The locations are great, too, but the true sense of freshness probably stems from the piece's refusal to instigate easy judgments. These people do what they have to do, like people.

No such accusation could be levelled at Pierre Granier-Deferre's **L'Etoile du Nord,** a laborious melodrama sited at some distance from a Simenon novel already filmed in 1946. Philippe Noiret plays the ex-secretary of a famed Egyptian singer whose death finds him landing up in 1934, having murdered for money en route, at a Charleroi boarding-house run by Simone Signoret. Conveniently amnesiac about his crime, Noiret has been warned by the Signoret-character's pretty *poule de luxe* daughter to lie low there, where he proceeds to fascinate his landlady (Signoret is magisterial, touching, the only *presence* around) with copious Egyptian reminiscences rendered ludicrous by screened travelogue echoes. Noiret's pursy amiability can do nothing with this length of upholstery. □

BOOKS – on all the arts plus a wide range of fiction and children's books – on sale at half-price from July 16-31 at Riverside Studios, Crisp Road, London W6, 12-8 p.m. daily.

WEEKEND COMPETITION

No 2779 Set by F. R. Spofforth

On Monday, C.L.R. James delivered a half-hour broadcast on Channel 4 in praise of cricket. Yet all literary references to the game, from Newbolt onwards, have also been favourable. Since Channel 4 is failing in its duty to air the minority view, we'd like you to redress the balance with a spirited invective *against* cricket – in verse, natch. Up to 16 lines, by 29 July.

No 2776 Set by Snubbin

Ripely asinine research projects.

Report By Jeff Squiffy

The Complex's chief of staff, Ms de Meaner, has been keeping a low profile lately, but she more than made up for it this week when she emerged, nostrils blazing, to berate poor Snubbin. 'Philistine!' she bellowed, with a force that would have left a medium-sized hurricane gasping with envy. 'Tool of the Amis/Larkin Military-Industrial Complex!' She then picked the lad up by his lapels and carried him off to her lair. He has not been seen since. It is with some trepidation, therefore, that I award nine oncers per winner and admit that I, er, rather liked them.

Nostril Excavation: A Reappraisal of the Radford-Wotton Model

The project aims to explore and redefine nose-picking processes as established in orthodox studies of the subject by the findings of Radford and Wotton (1956). Research will have two principal axes: empirically verifiable observation (via video recording) of actual nosepickers in urban stress situations, and theory-based analysis of the infrastructural determinants of the practice. Greater epistemological rigour than the classical model allows will be sought by special attention to 'deviant' forms: e.g. the incidence of 'cross-picking' (right-hand finger to left-hand nostril, or vice-versa), 'transpersonalism' (picking someone else's nose) and equivalent types. Hence the antithetical labels of 'normative' and 'aberrant' self-grooming central to Radford-Wotton functionalism will be problematised at all levels and the scientific *lacunae* of conventional 'survey' work will be avoided. BASIL RANSOME-DAVIES

I'm glad you asked me that, actually. I'm doing some work on the evidence for cricketing references in the plays of pre-Grace dramatists. W.G., that is. Of course, it all seems so obvious. Look at Pinter. Look at Stoppard. There's undoubtedly a link between drama and cricket. The surprising thing is that very little has been done on it. What really interests me is the embryonic glimpses of batting and bowling in people like Shakespeare. Oh, it's there all right, but I'm having quite a job teasing it all out at the moment. The main snag is that we know next to nothing about Shakespeare as a cricketer of any kind, mainly because the game as we know it didn't exist then. You see, what happened was that it was submerged within other activities . . . N.J.WARBURTON

Method: 500 public-laundromatees washing a load containing predominantly grey hosiery, and a further 500 washing a load containing brightly-coloured hosiery, were observed during the immediate post-laundriasis period. Of the laundromats washing predominantly grey hosiery, 492 had items adhering to the drum; in 375 of these cases the item(s) was/were adhered to its upper rear recesses. With the brightly-coloured load, 304 of the laundromats retained hosiery items. Of Group 1 laundromatees, 367 made a thorough search of the drum, showing satisfaction at the discovery of a hosiery item; only 117 of Group 2 made such a search.

Conclusion: Laundromatees favouring grey hosiery display a neurotic personality type, with possible connections between the satisfaction in finding grey socks in the recesses of the drum and that in finding grey matter in the recesses of the nostrils during the anal stage of personality development. JILL HINGYI

How *could* Louisa Musgrove have sustained such grave injuries from being 'jumped down' from such an inconsiderable height as the Cobb at Lyme? Generations of readers have agonised over this intractable enigma. Now, high youth unemployment in coastal Dorset has facilitated a project that has flung scores of 'Louisas' upon a phalanx of 'Wentworths' waiting below. The results speak for themselves: whereas eleven 'Wentworths' suffered bruised or broken ribs, seven were heavily concussed and one (paired with a 'Louisa' weighing in at 19 stone, 13 lbs) so flattened as to promote doubts of his survival, the sole 'Louisa' injury was one cracked finger-nail. These findings confirm what one had always suspected: Louisa's 'fall' was not accidental, nor her 'injury' medical: the incident was JA's way (the only one printable in her prudish day) of intimating that Louisa was 'The English Captain's Woman'. MARTIN FAGG

THE ISLAMIC PERSPECTIVE

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WORLD OF ISLAM FESTIVAL TRUST

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FIRST PERSON

Jeremy Lewis

Workers' play-time

POLRUAN, CORNWALL. I've always assumed that a sizeable chunk of the Cornish population consisted of retired tobacconists, and the sight of these admirable folk snoozing in their sun lounges behind small jungles of potted plants and diminutive palm trees has set me brooding on a subject never far from my heart, *viz* the urgent need to reduce the retirement age to 45. No one of sound mind would choose to sit in an office or a factory when he could be reading Trollope in bed or inspecting country churches or growing outsize marrows: so I intend to devote a few minutes at least of my holiday to working out the small print of my master plan where those driven souls for whom life is work and *vice versa* can disregard vexatious rules about retirment, funding the torpid and the unambitious in exchange for the right to work for ever.

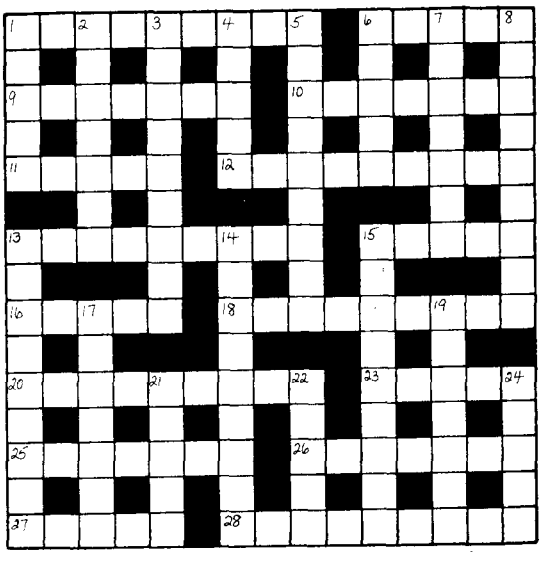
But we live in the real world alas: and such thoughts are the merest self-indulgence at a time when those of us who have a job at all should count ourselves lucky. Five minutes off the treadmill and one shudders at the thought of stepping on to it again; yet even the dreariest treadmill has a glum fascination for those who exercise themselves upon it. Part of this stems from the company one keeps, from the parish pump world of office politics, so infinitely intriguing to those within, so meaningless to those without; and part from the consoling ability of even the dullest of trades to appear interesting or complex enough to enable its practitioners to at least feign the necessary application and commitment. Dream as I do of the sudden bestowal of a large private income, I have to admit that I've been exceptionally lucky in the company I've kept and the work I've done: which brings me to a further episode in my battles with office life.

Long-suffering readers may remember I concluded my last contribution by receiving the sack from an advertising agency on the grounds of extreme ineptitude. Some years passed before I again strove to earn a living, but I eventually found myself a job as a minion in the publicity department of one of our more successful publishing firms. Within minutes of my arrival I found myself grappling with my old enemy, the telephone. The loathsome instrument on my desk emitted a shrill squawk and, with pounding heart, I picked it up. 'A Mr Solzhenitsyn wishes to speak to you', intoned the lady on the switchboard in a disapproving voice. 'He sounds like a foreign gentleman.' 'Put him through', I commanded, at which a guttural-sounding voice began to tell me at great length how he longed to be published by our firm. Dimly aware that I had been plunged straight into the pulsating heart of the publishing trade, I asked the great man to hold on and, clamping my hand over the receiver, turned to my roommate for advice, my eyes revolving in their sockets with excitement. 'I've got that Soljey-something on the line. Isn't he one of those Russians who writes about prison camps and people standing around in the snow? [In those days the bearded sage was not yet a household name.] What should I tell him?' 'Never heard of him', replied my colleague busily paring his nails. 'Get rid of him if you can. Put him through to editorial.' Anxiously I turned back to the telephone – only to find Solzhenitsyn inexplicably convulsed with mirth. The brute turned out to be a jocular friend of mine in the City, for whom impersonation of dissident Russian writers was an agreeable way of filling in the long hours of office life.

On the whole, minions have a jollier time than worry-bound executives, and quite right too. Life in our department was cordial to a degree. Most cordial of all was an extremely cheerful and kindly lady with fair hair, who shortly afterwards left the firm and achieved immediate fame as a newspaper columnist. From time to time she would excite my colleague with tales of her dashing social life: eyes bulging and sweat beading his brow, he would beg for more, while I sat primly by typing out advertisements for the provincial papers. After lunch she would stagger back – as we all did – agreeably excited by alcohol, lay her head on her folded arms across her typewriter, and enjoy a well deserved slumber. Once a week this ritual was rudely disturbed. Our immediate boss was a shy but somewhat daunting presence; once a week she had a blazing row with the Managing Director, and once a week she would storm back to her office, her shoulders shaking, and slam the door behind her, while we minions, half terrified and half gleeful, whispered and trembled outside. No sooner had the door slammed than the columnist-to-be would uncoil herself from her typewriter and enter the lair where the wounded tigress lay. Soothing sounds were heard; the sobbing died away; after a while the door opened, and life could recommence. Of course I'd rather stay in Cornwall; but office life has its moments, if only in retrospect. □

Weekend Crossword 1407

PRIZES: £5 Book Tokens for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1407, New Statesman, 14-16 Farringdon Lane, London EC1R 3AU, by first post 26 July.



ACROSS

1. Colouring made of combustible material found outside a ravine. (9)
6. Island town shows we are to be found in an island. (5)
9. Guides are needed when people come to the mountains. (7)
10. Leader who could appear as a real god. (7)
11. Journeys back in jet. (5)
12. Slow to nose out what is becoming hidden. (9)
13. Be cautious about contact with an ammunition case. (9)
15. Like appearing in a woman's garment in port. (5)
16. Coin which is not base. (5)
18. Having become penniless the West Indian is uncivilized. (9)
20. Being away from the pack makes one quickly about to turn tail. (9)
23. Clips weeds. (5)
25. Reorganise government department shown in film. (7)
26. Senator ruined by crime. (7)
27. Gets money from two organs. (5)
28. He who looks after money is more secure after rate has been revised. (9)

DOWN

1. Heavenly body for me in bed. (5)
2. Being more shrewd, a woman stays in credit. (7)
3. Metal which makes clubs match. (9)
4. Support for artists who are in retirement when over fifty. (5)
5. An easy time is certainly a long way off. (9)
6. Complains, putting a note on the vehicle. (5)
7. Some tories hold everything where the money is. (7)
8. It doesn't go very fast so is near the bottom in the race. (4,5)
13. Porter who makes one leave without stirring the rice. (9)
14. Of a different calibre to an old vehicle. (9)
15. The young put up with the poor. (9)
17. Result of gardening error. (7)
19. Is buried in cornflakes after one discovers a tooth. (7)
21. Mounts a sedan awkwardly. (5)
22. Chemical which would make a country go up if it lost heart. (5)
24. Wiser backing for unstarted grounds. (5)

SETSQUARE

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Lambeth Enterprise and Employment Programme

Lambeth is committed to a strongly interventionist approach to stimulate economic development in the Borough, which currently has the highest level of unemployment of all London Boroughs.

In response, it is developing the Lambeth Enterprise and Employment Programme to take important new initiatives in the fields of industrial site and property development, the creation of municipal enterprise, financial assistance and advice to existing and new enterprises including co-operatives, the development of employment and training agreements with companies where appropriate, training for the unemployed and new initiatives in the fields of women's employment, homeworking, the disabled and liaison with trade unions and the development of equal opportunities in employment throughout the Borough for ethnic minority groups.

The Council wishes to appoint suitably experienced and committed workers to the following posts to implement this substantial new programme:

ENTERPRISE SERVICES MANAGER

(Ref: M44) **Salary: £14,529-£15,843 p.a. incl.**

To co-ordinate and administer the new enterprise programme and business advisory service, with special responsibility for the development of municipal enterprise projects; and planning agreements with enterprises receiving assistance from the Council. This post will have a staff of six Principal Business Advisers and Business Advisers, an Administrative Officer, as well as several seconded Advisers from the private sector. The successful applicant will bring a wide range of skills to the post and will be able to demonstrate effective management skills and commitment to the Council's interventionist economic strategy.

PRINCIPAL BUSINESS ADVISER

(Ref: M45) **Salary: £13,542-£14,859 p.a. incl.**

Reporting to the Enterprise Services Manager, this post will provide the full range of business advice and financial packaging assistance to existing, relocating and start-up enterprises. The successful applicant will be able to demonstrate a breadth of experience and knowledge in terms of business skills and industrial and commercial sectors. Whilst no single professional discipline is sought, a thorough understanding of business financing is essential.

BUSINESS ADVISER

(Ref: M46) **Salary: £10,194-£11,673 p.a. incl.**

To support the Principal Business Adviser and undertake individual casework under supervision. The widest possible range of business skills is sought again with a sound financial base. Applicants with business training but with only limited experience would be considered.

ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICER

(Ref: M47) **Salary: £8,325-£9,030 p.a. incl.**

To process decisions on financial assistance to enterprises, liaising with solicitors, the finance department and the Department of the Environment, to ensure that agreements and payments are made correctly and promptly. This post will report directly to the Enterprise Services Manager and provide a wide range of administrative support functions and will assist with the monitoring of planning agreements with firms. Experience of Local Authority financial/legal systems would be helpful.

EMPLOYMENT DEVELOPMENT OFFICER

(Ref: M48) **Salary: £10,194-£11,673 p.a. incl.**

Reporting to the Principal Officer (Employment Programmes), this post will develop in conjunction with community organisations and the private sector, projects in the field of women's employment and campaigns, homeworking, trade union liaison and employment projects relating to the disabled. Applicants should be committed to working with disadvantaged employment groups and be able to demonstrate an imaginative approach to identifying both the needs and financing of projects. Experience and knowledge of the areas covered by this post are essential.

GRANTS LIAISON/BUDGETARY CONTROL OFFICER

(Ref: M49) **Salary: £8,825-£9,846 p.a. incl.**

Reporting to the Principal Officer (Employment Programmes) this post will support community organisations in the presentation of grant applications for the funding of employment projects and administer and monitor approved grant payments. The post will also provide budgetary control support in respect of the work of the Employment Division and Economic Activity and Employment Committee.

The above posts are located in the Employment Division of the Directorate of Town Planning and Economic Development. Consideration would be given to job share arrangements.

Application forms obtainable from the Personnel Officer, Directorate of Management Services, 18 Brixton Hill, SW2. Tel. 01-274 7722. Ext. 3020.

As part of Lambeth's Equal Opportunities Policy, applications are welcome from people regardless of disability, marital status, race or sex.

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ASSOCIATION OF LONDON AUTHORITIES

'Be part of London's Future'

The Association of London Authorities is a newly formed organisation with the prime objective of developing and representing the views of Authorities within the Greater London area. The objects of the Association shall be:

(1) To promote the interests of its member authorities in those areas affected by legislation for other proposal changes.

(2) To promote the preservation of local government services to London and to oppose proposals which would reduce or otherwise adversely affect those services.

(3) To maximise the level of Government financial support for London and member authorities and to oppose any reduction in the level of that support.

(4) To provide regular forum for the discussion of matters of common concern to its member authorities in issues of common interest.

(5) To provide information service to member authorities.

(6) To consider what additional public services ought to be provided to meet the needs of London and to co-ordinate action to achieve these additional services.

In order to help achieve these objectives the following posts have been created to form a secretariat:

Secretary to the Association

Salary: £20,787 to £22,191 inc. (pay award pending) **REF ALA/1**

As Chief Officer this post would be responsible for the promotion and acceptance of the Association as a representative of the member authorities for the purpose of consultation with the Government and other joint purposes and action. He/she will manage the secretariat in all respects and as such will need to be experienced at a senior management level (preferably in Local or Central Government), suitably qualified and must have a commitment to local self determination for the people of London and the ability to present the views of the association with conviction.

Administration & Research

These posts will provide administrative and financial management support including a research function, committee service and secretarial support and therefore applicants should be suitably qualified and experienced.

Principal Administration & Research Officer
Salary £11,079 to £12,186 inc. REF ALA/2

Committee & Administration Officer
Salary: £8,325 to £9,030 inc. REF ALA/3

Secretary/Administration Assistant (2)
Salary: £7,398 to £8,139 inc. REF ALA/4

Audio Typist/ Receptionist
Salary: £4,110 to £6,627 inc. REF ALA/5

Publicity & Information

These posts will be responsible for publicity and promotional campaigns and applicants should consequently have ability and experience in this field.

Information & Publicity Officer
Salary: £11,079 to £12,186 inc. REF ALA/6

Assistant Information & Publicity Officer
Salary: £8,325 to £9,030 inc . REF ALA/7

The postholders will be subject to Local Government conditions of service.

THE ASSOCIATION OF LONDON AUTHORITIES IS AN EQUAL OPPORTUNITY EMPLOYER. APPLICATIONS ARE WELCOME FROM CANDIDATES REGARDLESS OF RACE, NATIONALITY, ETHNIC OR NATIONAL ORIGINS, AGE, MARITAL STATUS, SEX, SEXUAL ORIENTATION AND FROM DISABLED PERSONS.

Application forms and job descriptions from the Personnel Division, Room 1, Brent Town Hall Annexe, Forty Lane, Wembley, Middlesex HA9 9BR, returnable 5 August, 1983. Telephone 01-903 0371 (24-hour Ansafone service). Reference numbers must be quoted.

Appointments

University of Bradford

RESEARCH ASSISTANT IN SOCIAL ANALYSIS

Fixed-term appointment 2 years

Applications are invited from candidates with a good first degree or post-graduate qualification in sociology or a related social science discipline for the above post to commence on 1 October 1983. The successful applicant will undertake research in the area of homeworking and part-time work. An ability to analyse data and to write up results will be looked for. Salary will be in the range **£6,310-£11,615 p.a.** depending upon age, qualifications and experience.

Applications and further particulars from the Personnel Secretary, Post ref: SO/RA/NST, University of Bradford, Bradford, West Yorkshire BD7 1DP. Closing date asap. Informal enquiries to Professor S Allen, School of Social Analysis.

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Britain's fifth largest Trades Union, with over 700,000 members, is in the process of restructuring its Head Office services. As a result, the following vacancies now exist:

OFFICE ASSISTANT: The post will be in the General Secretary's Office, and will include the preparation of business for the Executive Council, procuring information and papers on behalf of the Senior Officers, and assisting with the effective time-tabling of the office work. The successful applicant will be required to work under the direction of the Senior Officers, and flexibility will be important as will the ability to work with others.

The salary will be on the scale **£8,697** to **£9,721** plus a London Weighting Allowance of **£1,157.57** per annum.

CONDITIONS OF SERVICE ASSISTANT: The postholder will provide information on service conditions, research and information support to the Union's negotiators, and giving assistance as may be required from time to time.

The successful applicant will be required to work under the guidance of the Officers in Negotiations. The ability to communicate effectively will be important, as will the capacity to function as part of the Negotiations team.

The salary will be on the scale **£7,674** to **£8,697** plus a London Weighting Allowance of **£1,157.57** per annum.

Application forms for both posts may be obtained by writing to Maureen Chapman, NUPE, 20 Grand Depot Road, Woolwich, London SE18 6SF, to whom they should be returned by 12 August 1983.

AUT ASSOCIATION OF UNIVERSITY TEACHERS

LONDON OFFICER

Applications are invited for the post of London Officer to be stationed at AUT Headquarters. The main duties of this post will be to provide assistance to local associations in university institutions in the London conurbation.

Experience of work in a trade union or professional association or in the field of education is an essential qualification.

Salary scale **£9,875-£14,125** plus London Allowance of **£1,186** p.a. Where applicable, removal expenses will be met.

Further details from: General Secretary, Association of University Teachers, United House, 1 Pembridge Road, London W11 3HJ. Tel: 01-221 4370.

Closing date for receipt of applications: 1 August 1983

TRADE UNION RESOURCE & SUPPORT OFFICERS

The Sutton and District Trades Council plans shortly to open a Trade Union Resource & Support Centre in Sutton.

Applications are invited for two posts of Trade Union Resource and Support Officer at a salary equal to the lowest point of AP5 plus outer London Weighting. Applicants should have had considerable practical experience in trade union organisation at a branch or district level and should live in or close to the London Borough of Sutton.

The Resource Centre will be aiming to provide a service offering research and investigation, access to specialist advice, library and information services, bulletins, typing, duplicating and publicity.

The Centre will be funded by grant and consequently the initial contract will be only until 31 May 1984.

Detailed applications in writing to: 72 Frederick Road, Sutton, Surrey SM1 2HU, to arrive by 21 July 1983.

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BRITISH SOCIETY FOR SOCIAL RESPONSIBILITY IN SCIENCE (BSSRS) seeks part-time Office Co-ordinator, to run London office, assist and liaise between working groups, etc. Hours negotiable. Salary £65 p.w. Letters of application to – and further information from – Judith Walker, 3 Lygon Place, London SW1. Tel: 01-730 5245.

CAMPAIGN AGAINST PLASTIC BULLETS requires half-time worker for 9 months to organise the campaign in the London area. Salary £8,000 p.a. pro rata. Application forms from: British Society for Social Responsibility in Science, 9 Poland Street, London W1.

OV SELECTION CATERS for the more mature person as well as graduates and 'A' level students with typing and office skills. Phone Odette Veazey, OV Selection (Emp. Agy.) Abford House, 15 Wilton Road, London, SW1V 1LT. 01-828 8345.

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LISTINGS

SAT 16 JULY

LONDON Public Meeting called by Liberation Network – for People with Disabilities. 2-5pm Room B28 Morley College, 61 Westminster Bridge Rd SE1. **Details Michaline Mason 01-673 4210/Neil Harvey 01-318 2002.**

WALSALL Peace Festival at West Midlands College, 130 Old Town Lane, Pelsall, Walsall, Staffs. **Org. CND.**

LONDON Human Chain from USA to USSR Embassies. **Details CND 01-388 1628.**

LONDON Labour Movement Conference on Ireland. 10am Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq, WC1. Delegates £3/Observers £2. **Registration Box 189, 32 Ivor Pl, NW1.**

COVENTRY CND Walk for Life. **Details Gezine Schiestering Coventry 22487.**

LONDON Briefing meeting on Zimbabwe. Spkrs incl Acting High Commissioner for Zimbabwe. At Fabian Society, 11 Dartmouth Street, SW1. 10.30-5.30. £1.50. **Details 01-222 8877.**

LONDON AGM of Public Enterprise Group. 'Has Public Enterprise a Future?' Spkr Don Roy, Chairman of PEG. 10.45am, Cole Room, **Fabian Society, 11 Dartmouth Street, SW1.**

SUN 17 JULY

CANTERBURY March for Life on Earth to Greenham. Mixed sexes and ages. Arrive Greenham Hiroshima Day 6 Aug. **Details Ann, Sevenoaks 461266/Jim, Maidstone 77043.**

LONDON 'The Relationship between Parliamentary and Extra-Parliamentary Activity'. Spkr Barry Hindess. 7.30pm, 178 Whitechapel Road, E1. **Org. Tower Hamlets Fabian Society.**

LONDON 'Policing in the 1984 Society' Spkr Phil Rawlings 11am, Conway Hall, 25 Red Lion Sq, WC1. **Org. South Place Ethical Soc.**

LONDON Sensing and Movement Workshop led by Ron Riley. Suns. 2-4pm at The Place, 16 Flaxman Terrace, WC1. £2 per session. **Org. Contemporary Dance Trust. Details Judith Garrett 01-387 0161.**

MON 18 JULY

LONDON Public Meeting on Women in Nicaragua. Spkrs incl Maria Arcelia Urbina (Embassy of Nicaragua), Sarah Stewart (co-author of 'Sweet Ramparts'). To be followed by music and cabaret. 7pm at Almeida Theatre, Almeida St, N1. Tickets £2/£1 unwaged from the theatre or from **Nicaragua Solidarity Campaign, 20 Compton Terrace, N1.**

LONDON Finchley Peace Week begins. **Details Teresa 01-440 3372/Sarah 01-346 7740/Angie 01-445 0522.**

WED 20 JULY

LONDON 'Peacemaking, the spiritual dimension' – 4th of five workshops on non-violence. Spkr Merfyn Temple (Methodist Minister), 6.45-8.45pm St James's Church, 197 Piccadilly, W1. **Org. Dunamis 01-437 6851.**

LONDON 'Oppose police racism!' Public Meeting 7.30pm Hackney Town Hall, Mare St, E8. **Org. Stoke Newington and Hackney Defence Campaign. C/o Oxford House, Derbyshire, London, E2. 01-739 8549.**

LONDON 'How Labour can reconstruct its Electoral Base'. Spkr Peter Kellner. 7.30pm 349 Cambridge Heath Rd, E1. **Org. Tower Hamlets Fabian Society.**

LONDON Elizabeth Wilson will speak on 'True Love' 7.30pm Freemasons Arms, 81 Long Acre, WC2. Details Lynne, 9 Poland Street, W1. 01-734 8501. **Org. The Socialist Society.**

LONDON 'Regaining Labour's Lost Ground'. Spkr Peter Shore. 7.30pm Committee Rm 9, House of Commons, SW1. All welcome. **Org. Central London Fabian Society.**

THURS 21 JULY

EALING CND Group Meeting. 7.30pm St Andrews United Reform Church Hall, Mount Park Rd, W5.

NEWCASTLE Latin American Folk Concert to celebrate 4th Anniversary of Nicaragua's revolution. 'Awatinas' – 6-member Bolivian Folk Band, El Salvadoran singer Mauricio Bonilla. Tickets (£1.75/£1.25 unwaged) from St Thomas Church, Newcastle 320842 or Days of Hope bookshop or at door. **Org. Newcastle Latin American Front.**

FRI 22 JULY

LONDON Open Meeting on Defence and Disarmament – what do women in London have to say? GLC Women's Committee want to know to help them to promote peace. 7pm at County Hall, York Road, SE1. Creche and sign language interpretation. **For details and information of disabled travel allowance and babysitting and dependant's allowance contact GLC Women's Committee Support Unit 01-633 1038.**

MANCHESTER 'Has Socialism a Future?' Conference at Manchester Poly S.U. Spkrs incl Hilary Wainwright, Jeremy Seabrook, David Rubinstein. **Details and booking Labour Co-ordinating Committee, 9 Poland St, London W1.**

FORTHCOMING

23 JULY Merthyr Tydfil Folk Evening for CND. 8pm Bethesda Community Arts Centre. Bar, singers, live theatre. Tickets 50p from **Anthony Evans 0685-73231.**

23-24 JULY Leeds 4th Annual Co-ops Fair. **Details Co-ops Fair Group, c/o Newham CDA, 55 West Ham Lane, Stratford, London E15. 01-519 2377.**

23-24 JULY Finchley Peace Camp to be established by Finchley Women for Peace. **Details Teresa 01-440 3372, Sarah 01-346 7740, Angie 01-445 0522.**

23 JULY Merthyr Tydfil Folk Evening for CND. 8pm Bethesda Community Arts Centre. Bar, singers, live theatre. Tickets 50p from **Anthony Evans 0685-73231.**

23-24 JULY Greenham International Air Tattoo and STAR '83 arms supermarket at RAF Greenham Common. Campaign Against the Arms Trade is organising a peace vigil, mass leafletting and symbolic reclaiming of the base. **Details Rob Watling 0978 350 105 or Owen Hardwick 0978 356 969.**

23 JULY Wood Green Irish Solidarity Day of Action. Open Air Rally and Exhibition. 2-4pm outside Wood Green Library. Social 7.30pm Camden Labour Club, Carol St, NW5. **Org. London Irish Solidarity Committees. BM Box 4835, London WC1N 3XX.**

23-24 JULY Leeds 4th Annual Co-ops Fair. **Details Co-ops Fair Group, c/o Newham CDA, 55 West Ham Lane, Stratford, London E15. 01-519 2377.**

26 JULY Birmingham 'Drunkenness Offenders – Some Proposals for change'. One-day conf. 10.30am-4pm Friends Meeting House, Bull Street. **Details and Application Don Steele, FARE, 3 Grosvenor Crescent, London SW1. 01-235 0600/01-235 0609.**

26 JULY London 'Communist Tradition on Ireland' a series of monthly forums begins with 'Marx and Engels on Ireland' 7.30pm Camden Labour Club, Carol St, NW1. £5 for series, 75p each. **Details Fight Racism Fight Imperialism, BCM Box 5909, WC1N 3XX.**

27 JULY London GLC Women's Committee Co-ordinating Group meeting 7pm County Hall SE1. The meeting will consider nominations for advisory members to cover: Child Care, Health, Older women, Planning, Transport, etc. **Details Helen Hewland 01-633 1113.**

29 JULY-4 AUG London to **Greenham** Women's walk for Peace and Disarmament. As well as walkers they need a bus and driver. **Org. Women for Life on Earth 01-699 6712.**

29 JULY-9 AUGUST Women for Life on Earth Star Marches 1983. London to Greenham. **Details 01-699 6712/01-701 4566.** Marches will converge on Greenham from all over the country on Hiroshima Day, 6 August. **For details of other marches: London Greenham Office, 5 Leonards Street EC2. 01-251 3133.**

Sorry, but we can't accept entries over the phone. Entries must be received by Friday preceding issue date. We reserve the right to exclude items without giving reasons and are not responsible for errors. Space is strictly limited so if you definitely want your item to appear, we suggest you book it as an ad. under the appropriate classified heading. See main heading for rates, etc.

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Meetings

CENTRAL LONDON FABIAN SOCIETY. Wednesday *20 July 7.30 p.m. Committee Room Nine,* House of Commons, Rt Hon. Peter Shore MP, on 'Regaining Labour's Lost Ground'. All welcome.

THEOSOPHY. S.a.e. for free pamphlets, book list, programme of activities. Sunday, 17 July, 8 p.m. informal Q/A Meeting. 'What is Theosophy?' ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, London W2 3AL.

YOUNG MAPAM Meeting: 'Israeli Society – A Socialist Zionist Perspective' with Dan Leon, Thurs. *21 July 8 p.m. 37 Broadhurst Gardens, NW6.* 01-328 2554.

Publications

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